

# NEW IMPERIUM

Issue Two    Metapolitical Journal of the New Right    Price £2.99

## MANNERBUND

### ASPECTS OF MALE MYSTERY CULTS



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# EDITORIAL



Welcome to Issue Two of ***New Imperium*** magazine, published by the New Right. It's now over one year since our inaugural meeting in central London and since then we have organised a further five meetings, with a variety of excellent speakers from England, Italy, France, Russia, Malta and Norway. At first, we began noticing that our gatherings were mostly attracting the same faces, but over the last couple of months there has been a steady influx of new blood. The attendance at New Right meetings can range from twenty to thirty people, but we know that with your help we can make them bigger and better. If you would like to come along to one of these events, or perhaps to address the audience, then please get in touch. 2006 is going to be a good year for us. But we can only ensure that our ongoing efforts towards an intellectual and cultural revival within Europe are effective with your help.

**Hail the Imperium!**

**EDITOR / DESIGN:**

**Troy Southgate**

**NEW RIGHT COMMITTEE:**

**Jonothon Boulter (Chairman), Troy Southgate (Organising Secretary), Jonathan Bowden (Press Officer), Michael Woodbridge (Treasurer), Dino Caligari (Security Officer) & James Pond (Artistic Consultant/Webmaster).**

**ADDRESS:**

**New Right, BM Box LCRN, London WC1N 3XX, England.**

**E-MAIL:**

**[arktoslondon@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:arktoslondon@yahoo.co.uk)**

**NEW RIGHT WEBSITE:**

**<http://www.new-right.org>**

**NEW RIGHT E-GROUP:**

**[http://groups.yahoo.com/group/new\\_right](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/new_right)**

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# A SELECTION OF CROATIAN POETRY

By Ksenija Sunic

## THE LOST WESTERN WOMAN

By Xenia Sunic

*Distant fire always tingles  
At the mysterious abyss of existence.  
The maddening lightness  
Of the eastern rising sun  
Puts the daily spell on us.  
It appears like a treason to my race  
To talk about Eastern Beauty  
With such depths of love unheard!*

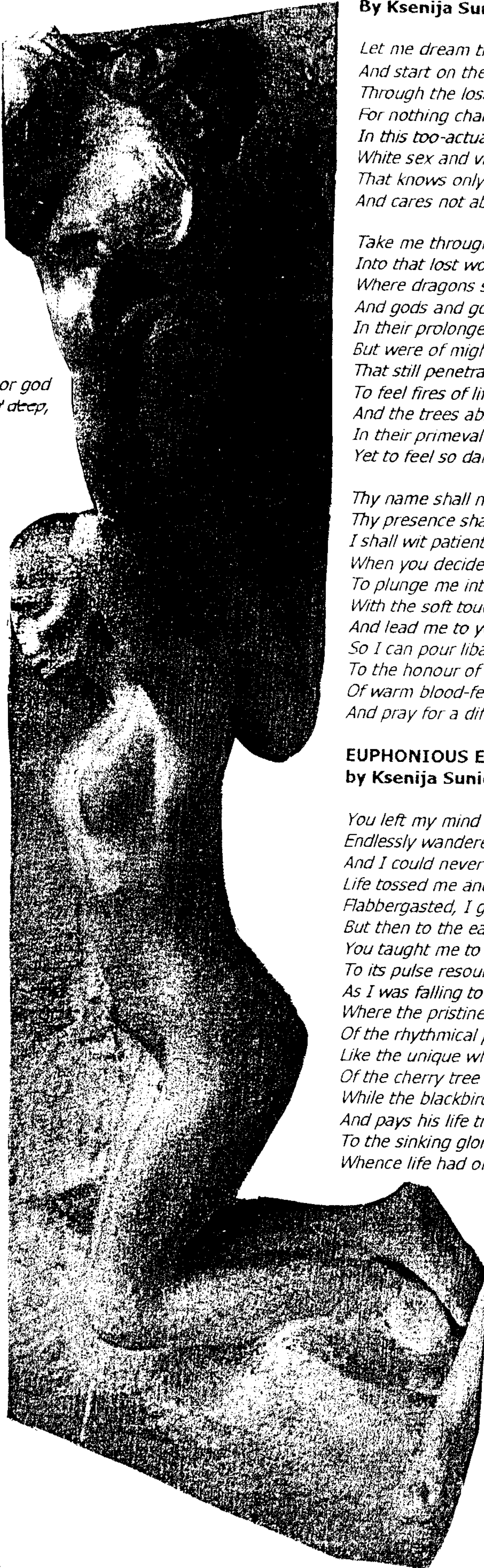
*The heaviness of subtlety unmeasured  
Weighing somber on your soul  
For the love of that Eastern Beauty  
Sounds unsurpassable with the sufferings  
Of the young Werther.  
Modern thrills so whitely cheap!  
Who are you? – A forgotten-in-time dragon or god  
Who keeps memories of time-abysmal blood deep,  
Where burning fires never die out  
And keep your Eastern Muse of music  
So delicately in the warmest sleep.*

*Poor beauty of the woman of the West  
Fallen in the shallowness  
Of her white consciousness of breast.  
Poor her soul without sources of fiery flow  
The rivers wide and deep,  
Extinguished fires of her long memory.  
Watery, bloodless veins murmur  
Through the weakness of her too light,  
Too white, too naked body beauty,  
Brought through the artistry  
Of conjuring from the east –  
Lifeless goddess in disguise.*

*Oh, raise you goddess  
From the distant ashes  
Primeval voices deep  
Enthrall the man of your race  
Weave again mellifluous music  
In his prolonged sleep.  
To feel the sweet balm  
On his heavy sores  
Might stir his lost heart in darkness  
Of his endless arduous fight  
To obliterate his manhood  
Just to please your trivial woman's rights.*

*Transparent blue-eyed  
Blood thinned-out woman,  
So in love with your actual self,  
Forgetting your man  
Is swerving and falling apart  
In search of his lost shadow  
And hot-blooded roots,  
That melt the body  
Like in some mad orgasmic orgy,  
Forging emotions that pierce the heaven  
He is looking for a woman elsewhere –  
In the far-eastern land of the friendlier sun  
Where the resounding voices  
Remain mysterious  
And his black-eyed Muse  
Inspirational illusion deep.*

*Hail, the woman of the West!  
Blind and deaf to alluring sounds  
Of the mysterious dark voices  
Enthralling your man's lost manhood  
In the desert of the magic sands,  
While her Eastern unpretentious charm  
Seduces him in her soft-skinned, satin breast.*



## NAMELESS GODDESS

By Ksenija Sunic

*Let me dream the enchanting dream  
And start on the journey  
Through the lost memory of time with you,  
For nothing charms and nourishes my heart any more  
In this too-actual world of progress and science  
White sex and violence,  
That knows only hollow existence in our time  
And cares not about the beauty of true life.*

*Take me through the forgotten unfathomable cosmic paths  
Into that lost world of rich, hot-blooded pulse,  
Where dragons sleep the longest dream  
And gods and goddesses had remained nameless  
In their prolonged sleep,  
But were of mightiest powers, the warmest touch  
That still penetrates the darkest layers of pristine blood  
To feel fires of life dance in the circle with the sun  
And the trees absorbing us  
In their primeval silence of forgetfulness  
Yet to feel so damned alive!*

*Thy name shall not be said,  
Thy presence shall always be felt,  
I shall wait patiently for the alluring full-moon night  
When you decide to quietly come  
To plunge me into my life-dream journey  
With the soft touch of butterfly wings,  
And lead me to your temple of beauty  
So I can pour libations  
To the honour of the ancient sun-fire  
Of warm blood-feelings  
And pray for a different way of living.*

## EUPHONIOUS ECHOING

by Ksenija Sunic

*You left my mind and blood  
Endlessly wandered day and night,  
And I could never let you out of my sight,  
Life tossed me and floundered,  
Flabbergasted, I gazed at the sky's vast  
But then to the earth underneath  
You taught me to listen and sense fast,  
To its pulse resounding deep  
As I was falling to my sound-soothing sleep.  
Where the pristine euphonious echoing  
Of the rhythmical past-mysteries were revealed,  
Like the unique white pregnant blossom  
Of the cherry tree that from the twigs and branches springs,  
While the blackbird in the twilight sings,  
And pays his life tribute  
To the sinking glory of the distant sun  
Whence life had once triumphed and begun.*



# SATPAL RAM: A CASE STUDY IN "ANTI-RACIST" BRAINWASHING

By Alexander Baron

## Introduction by Jonathon Boulter (1)

*Our next speaker is Alexander Baron: about five years ago he read about an alleged miscarriage of justice in which an Asian was wrongfully convicted of the murder of a white man who had racially abused and attacked him. But after investigating for himself, he was so disgusted by what he saw that he set up a website about the case. He believes that the way the media portrayed the murder has ramifications that extend far beyond this particular crime.*

Good afternoon lady (2) and gentlemen.

In February 1993, I interviewed the distinguished psychologist Professor Hans Eysenck, and one of the things I put to him was that the results of some of his researches were controversial. This was with reference to race and intelligence, in particular the well-documented fact that blacks, ie Negroes, score consistently *considerably lower in IQ testing than whites*. He replied that in this field at any rate the only place such controversy existed was in the media, and that when people like him published books on race and intelligence, they were reviewed by hostile journalists, usually of a left wing inclination, and that these journalists simply refused to look at the data or face the facts.

This was a truism which has been affirmed for me many times before this interview, and countless times since, and I'm sure that every one of you has had the same experience. Indeed, it can be said that not only do some controversies exist only in the media, but that some controversies have been created entirely by the media.

One such media created controversy is the so-called Bermuda Triangle. The plain fact is that the Bermuda Triangle as such, does not exist. Another and far more prosaic controversy is the controversy over the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. Was Kennedy really shot by Lee Harvey Oswald? Yes. Was Oswald part of a conspiracy? No.

In view of the considerable published literature to the contrary, including the fantasies of Jim Garrison and Oliver Stone, one might be forgiven for forgetting that Oswald was arrested within two hours of the shooting, and that his prints were all over the murder weapon.

That being said, the Kennedy assassination was a truly spectacular event, and happening as it did and when it did, hard on the heels of the so-called Cuban missile crisis, and at the height of the Cold War, there is little wonder that it caused and still causes so much mendacious ink to flow. The assassination of the most powerful man in the world is one thing, but the murder of an ordinary working man is an event which would not usually attract much attention, unless there was attached to it the suggestion of a miscarriage of justice. The murder of Clarke Pearce by Satpal Ram does contain such a suggestion, and as the victim was white, and the murderer Asian, it didn't take much to inject a considerable element of controversy into the case.

Years after Ram's conviction, the case began to attract substantial publicity, not just in the left wing press and to a lesser extent the Asian press, but also in the mainstream media, which almost invariably reported it as a likely, probable or indeed outrageous miscarriage of

justice. What though is absolutely fascinating is that not only is any such suggestion ludicrous, but that any journalist, researcher or lawyer who examined the facts critically could have exposed this outrageous scam at the drop of a hat, but nobody did. Not one.

*The first I heard of this case in any meaningful sense was when my colleague Mark Taha gave me a leaflet he'd picked up at some left wing meeting or bookfair. The leaflet is, frankly, lachrymose.*

It reads in part:

*"Satpal Ram's nightmare began thirteen years ago, in November 1986. He was the victim of a brutal racist attack, but due to police racism and incompetence was not seen as the victim and was charged. This was followed by a farcical trial that resulted in his conviction. Satpal was given life imprisonment for a crime he did not commit. Over the last thirteen years Satpal has suffered the brunt of racist abuse, prison brutality and loss of human dignity...Satpal deserves public support and action to put an end to this injustice. He must be released now."*

The leaflet goes on to relate how Ram was dining in an Indian restaurant when six drunken white people came in, racially abused the staff during the course of the evening, and after he asked for the music to be turned up, the white men shouted "...we don't need any more of that black crap, fucking paki-wog music", then one of the white men "smashed a glass on the table and slashed Satpal across the cheek and on his arm. He then backed Satpal into a corner so that, with a table and walls behind him, he had nowhere else to go. At this point Satpal was really in fear of his life. He had already been slashed twice. Satpal had a small knife that he used in his work at a warehouse, and warned Clarke Pearce not to come any closer. Pearce lunged at Satpal and in the ensuing scuffle both men were hurt. Satpal left Pearce still shouting racist abuse and went to get treatment for his injuries.

Clarke Pearce went to hospital but he was very abusive to the medical staff and he pulled out his drips, saying he did not want to be treated by a woman doctor. He discharged himself and went home, where he later died.

*Here began the appalling treatment of Satpal by the criminal justice system. Satpal was charged with the murder of Clarke Pearce. His barrister met with him just once, for about 40 minutes before the trial. Although Satpal's actions were clearly in self-defence, the barrister decided to change the plea to provocation. In court, the racist context of the attack on Satpal was not fully explained. In fact most of the evidence which was heard came from friends of Clarke Pearce. Satpal's witnesses were Bengali-speaking waiters with limited English - the judge said he would interpret their evidence even though he did not speak a word of Bengali!"*

The leaflet goes on to explain what a wonderful person Satpal Ram truly is, and how he has been persecuted and tortured in prison.

Ram's solicitor Gareth Peirce is quoted thus:



"This is a forgotten case, it is a litany of mistakes, of things not done, of evidence not pursued".

It ends with a demand that Ram be released from gaol, an inquiry into the trial which had led to this palpable miscarriage of justice, and another inquiry into the appalling mistreatment of Ram in our racist prison system. All very reasonable, you might think, certainly Ram does, indeed he has absolutely no qualms about either his *innocence or his martyrdom, and has compared himself* with the hapless black teenager Stephen Lawrence, a comparison which is more than a little ironic, as will be demonstrated shortly.

This is, I am sure you will agree lady and gentlemen, a sad, tragic story, and one that I am not ashamed to say brings tears to my eyes: if you listen closely I swear you can hear the violins playing in the background. Here is poor Satpal Ram, dining in an Indian restaurant, minding his own business, when for no reason at all he is attacked by this big brute of a man who backs him into a corner and slashes his face with a glass. Satpal is in fear of his life, struggles manfully, somehow manages to draw a small knife, a pen knife that he used in his work, pleads with his attacker to desist...please stop, don't come any closer, I don't want to hurt you. Then somehow, almost accidentally he manages to stab his attacker, and both men go to hospital.

Heck, this wasn't murder, it was clearly self-defence, accident, even assisted suicide: Clarke Pearce gets to hospital, and he's having none of it...What's going on here, I've already been stabbed by a Paki, I'm not gonna be treated by a woman, that would be the final indignity. And he pulls out his drips, goes home, and dies. Well, it was his own stupid fault, he deserved it, he was a racist after all.

The foregoing scenario is what might be called the Gospel According to Saint Ram of Birmingham. It is indeed similar to the Biblical Gospels, although it bears a greater similarity to Hansel And Gretel, or to Jack And The Beanstalk, because like those famous folk tales, it is pure fantasy.

When first I read this leaflet, I realised that it was a bit dodgy, to put it mildly, but just as the police often frame the guilty, so do campaigners often go overboard in their advocacy of genuinely worthy causes. So like the intelligent open-minded individual I like to think I am, I was not prepared to dismiss all its claims on spec. Instead I did a little homework, from three angles: I decided to listen to the tale of Ram's supporters, to the tale of his victim's family, and to ferret out the official version.

With that in mind I contacted the Free Satpal Campaign and also wrote to Ram himself. Then I went along to the Probate Office. I did not expect a man of his age to have made a will, but I did find the last address of Clarke Pearce, so assuming it to be the family home, and hoping she still lived there, I wrote to his mother. (3) As by this time, Ram had fought and lost two appeals against his conviction, I also fished out the law reports. There was a brief one in the Times relating to his failed November 1995 appeal, and at the Supreme Court Library there was a full transcript of the judgment of his 1988 appeal, which had been dismissed at the leave stage, and had therefore not been reported. Having the important dates under my belt, I went along to the Newspaper Library at Colindale, and fished out the original reports from the local press.

At some point I heard from the Free Satpal Campaign, in particular from a young woman named Lesley Naylor, who was very enthusiastic. I never received a reply from Ram, but Lesley sent me some information by E-mail about this - quote unquote - outrageous miscarriage of justice. And at some point I also received a phone call from a lady who told me she was the sister of Clarke Pearce, her elderly mother having passed on my letter to her.

I think it is fair to say that Clarke's sister, Mrs Nadine O'Neill, sounded a very bitter and cynical woman, especially when I told her I was a journalist of sorts. After all, far more distinguished and dare I say more reputable journalists than myself have written about this so-called miscarriage of justice. To take just one example, in the Observer of January 30, 2000, Jay Rayner wrote "The facts of the case are deeply disturbing". The Gospel according to Saint Ram has also been reported in the Guardian, Socialist Worker - unsurprisingly - and even Republican News, the mouthpiece of the Provisional IRA.

In September 2001, the Criminal Cases Review Commission declined to refer Ram's conviction back to the Court of Appeal, which prompted Channel 4 to devote a considerable chunk of its evening news programme to this non-story, and Ram was heard speaking from prison whining about this continued injustice.

When he was eventually paroled in June 2002, he said he was angry but not bitter, and vowed to fight on to clear his name. That hasn't happened, and I'll explain why in due course.

Mr Ram had quite a few high profile campaigners - including the rock band Primal Scream, and the British-Asian band AsianDubFoundation, whose music I might find appealing under other circumstances, but the song they recorded Free Satpal Ram, just doesn't do it for me:

*"Self-defence is no offence*

*Had to protect himself from the murderous fools...*

*A plate to the chest and a glass in his face*

*An Asian fights back*

*Can't afford to be meek*

*With your back against the wall*

*You can't turn the other cheek...*

*...Free Satpal Ram!" (4)*

Okay, that's enough of fantasy, so what really happened?

The true story of Regina v Ram begins in an Indian restaurant in Birmingham in the small hours of November 16, 1986. Dining in this restaurant were Clarke Edward Pearce, a 22 year old postal worker, his fiancée, Clarke's elder sister Mrs Nadine O'Neill and her husband Eddie, and another couple, Dave Lea and Sharon Badger. Contrary to the claims of Ram's supporters, this group was already in the restaurant when Ram arrived with his German girlfriend Evelyn Schneider, and his friend Narvinder Singh Shinji. Ram was twenty years old and a warehouseman, although sometimes it is claimed that he worked in the restaurant as a waiter.



Clarke Pearce the arch-racist had dined in this restaurant many times before, as had Mr and Mrs O'Neill: that fact alone indicates that his and their behaviour was *unlikely to have been very outrageous. And like a typical white racist*. Clarke had also been playing snooker with an Asian friend a few hours before his untimely death.

It is common ground that Clarke made a remark about the background music that was being played in the restaurant, something apparently innocuous, to one of the waiters, *but like many innocuous remarks it was the catalyst for an act of insane violence.*

Ram, who was sitting at a nearby table, piped up: "...don't you like Paki music?"

Clarke Pearce told him politely or maybe not so politely to mind his own business, or words to that effect. What happened next is the subject of legitimate debate. It is well known that when a sudden, traumatic incident occurs, not necessarily a murder, but an accident, anything sudden and out of the ordinary, and there are many witnesses, there will be just as many accounts of what actually happened. Judges recognise this, and routinely direct juries to bear it in mind when deliberating their verdicts. Nadine O'Neill and her husband stress that the incident happened so quickly, it was literally over in a flash, and when it was, Clarke was lying on the floor mortally wounded.

Ram's supporters have made much of the fact that his victim - often referred to simply as a racist - was much the bigger man. Pearce was six feet two and thirteen and a half stone, while Ram was five foot nine and nine stone. Unfortunately for them, the much touted claim that Pearce attacked Ram rather than vice versa contains the seeds of its own destruction. There is no evidence that Ram was the *proud owner of a Lonsdale Belt, or that he was proficient in the martial arts*. Leaving that aside, the difference in size and stature between Pearce and Ram is about the same as between Lennox Lewis and myself. I can't speak for anyone else in this room, but if Lennox Lewis were to hit me in the face with a glass, I would find it heavy going to take out a pen knife and stab him in self-defence almost accidentally. But even the heavyweight champion of the world can be vanquished by an inferior opponent if he is attacked from behind, and that is what happened in this instance, because Satpal Ram stabbed Clarke Pearce in the back.

The pathologist's report on the victim states that he suffered, among other injuries: "A complex double incised wound". He was stabbed at least twice, possibly three times. It is my belief that Ram actually stabbed him twice, and that the second time he twisted the knife. Whatever, the incident was over very quickly - it doesn't take long to kill a man - and immediately afterwards, Schneider dragged Ram into the toilet to clean him up: he had somehow sustained a small cut to his face. Meanwhile, in the restaurant, pandemonium reigned.

As is often the case when someone is mortally wounded, the victim didn't realise just how badly he was injured: this again is well documented. Clarke sat down, *then staggered towards the door and ended up lying in a pool of blood.*

Eddie O'Neill left the restaurant to phone the emergency services - this was in the days before mobile phones were in widespread use - the restaurant staff were

*more interested in getting paid, washing up and going home to bed, and I think it is fair to say that they too were probably not aware of how badly Clarke was injured.*

Then Ram emerged from the toilet and fled the scene of the crime: it appears that nobody attempted to stop him; that could have been because he still had the *knife in his hand. The knife in question was a flick knife*, contrary to Ram's facile assertions that it was a pen knife that he used at work and might have been carrying legitimately if absent-mindedly. Though some flick knives can be purely functional, this one was a dagger, a stiletto. But regardless of its functionality, a flick knife is defined by statute as a weapon which has one use and one use alone: to inflict injury on the person. In Britain, you cannot buy any sort of flick knife openly. The point is that a pen knife cannot ordinarily be used as a weapon, not on the spur of the moment; generally its blade is neither particularly sharp nor long, and it takes two hands to unfold it. The Court of Appeal recognised this in November 1995 when it said that Ram's version of events was clearly untrue. I might add that in this judgment the court took what might be termed a worse case scenario for the Crown: it conceded that Clarke Pearce may have initiated the violence, and that he may have been holding or even have hit Ram with a broken glass, and yet it still upheld the murder conviction. So even allowing for this, *Ram did not behave in any sort of reasonable fashion*, whether acting professedly in self-defence, or out of provocation, the defence that was run at the actual trial.

Returning to the scene of the crime, as he left the restaurant with Shinji and Schneider, Ram couldn't resist a parting shot: turning to Sharon Badger he asked: "Is he dead?" and when she said "No", he replied in fluent Anglo-Saxon "Well he's fucking gonna be".

His words were prophetic of course, because shortly after being transported to Birmingham General Hospital, Clarke Edward Pearce was pronounced dead. Ram went to hospital too, but under his own steam. He turned up at another accident and emergency department, where he gave a false name, and was initially too drunk and abusive to be treated. Eventually a doctor managed to insert three stitches into a slightly cut cheek.

These facts, which are readily demonstrable, are in stark contrast to the aforementioned claims made in the leaflet, which at the risk of boring you I will repeat: Clarke Pearce was "very abusive to the medical staff and he pulled out his drips, saying he did not want to be treated by a woman doctor. He discharged himself and went home, where he later died."

When I pointed out this error - quote, unquote - to Lesley Naylor, she was totally unrepentant and said she didn't know how the claim had got into the leaflet, but assured me that apart from this mistake - quote unquote again - everything else in the leaflet was true.

Curiously, this so-called mistake found its way *into not just this leaflet but into the House of Commons*, where on January 12, 2000, the Labour MP John McDonnell put down an Early Day Motion which read: "That this House calls for the release of Mr. Saptal Ram who has now served 13 years in prison for killing in self-defence a racist who, with five accomplices, attacked Mr Ram, stabbing him twice and who died because he refused *medical treatment: and further calls for an inquiry into the investigation and trial which resulted in this miscarriage of*



justice."

Now, the racist has become one of a gang. This is not simply a case of a myth growing with every retelling, but an example of conscious lies by conscious liars. Eight days later, the *Early Day Motion* had been signed by a total of six MPs.

This vile, despicable lie also appeared on the website of the grandly titled National Civil Rights Movement, which like the aforementioned leaflet published in addition to the written lies a visual lie, a much touted photograph of Ram with a badly bruised face. (5) The implication is that this bruising was caused by Clarke Pearce - or by a gang of racists. I have a copy of this webpage - text and photograph - which I will pass around. It is clear from a careful scrutiny that the man in this photograph is somewhat older than was Ram at that time - just short of his twenty-first birthday. Ram actually sustained these injuries in prison; they appear to have been inflicted by prison officers, but they are not necessarily the result of wanton brutality. These facial injuries bear a striking resemblance to those inflicted on Donald Neilson when he was apprehended by the police and public in 1975. By the time he was arrested, after kidnapping two police officers at gunpoint, Neilson had murdered five people, so we shouldn't shed too many tears for his black eye and fat lip.

The battered face of Satpal Ram - from the Free Satpal Campaign leaflet - bears a striking similarity to that of Donald Neilson, the infamous "Black Panther", shortly after his arrest. The latter photograph is taken from the Murder In The UK website.

The point of course is that a bruised face does not necessarily equate with unreasonable force or outright brutality, however emotive a staged or misleading photograph may appear.

I wrote to the National Civil Rights Movement to protest about this webpage and to point out the lies it contains. My letter was ignored. Some time later I wrote to the President of this organisation, a certain Michael Mansfield QC. I received an acknowledgment dated 8 February, 2002, which contained an assurance that a certain Mr Suresh Grover would look into the matter. Surprise, surprise, nothing happened, and in fact as recently as last month when I checked the NCRM's website, this lie was still there, displayed for all the world to see, and for the uninformed to take at face value, as you will see from the date in the bottom right hand corner. The fact that this particular webpage has not been updated for many years is no excuse.

Returning to November 1986, after a drunken Satpal Ram had had his cheek stitched, he sobered up fast. Facing a certain life sentence, he decided to flee the country, but was unable to obtain a passport, so realising the game was up, he went to see his solicitor, John Morgan, and spun him a cock and bull story about poor, victimised Satpal. Morgan is an affable but not particularly bright man, that being said, he did what any half decent solicitor would have done, and took his client along to the police station where he listened credulously while Ram repeated his tale of woe. The police though were not so dumb, thankfully, and charged him with murder.

It is my experience that it is the innocent rather than the guilty who have anything to fear from the criminal

justice system in this country. An accused who is obviously guilty of an heinous crime will be treated extremely fairly, including by the trial judge. The reason for this is that nobody wants to see the likes of Harold Shipman or Ian Huntley walking the streets because the Court of Appeal feels obliged to quash their convictions due to some tiresome procedural irregularity.

Ram is of course not in the same league as the Doctor Deaths or Soham Murderers of this world, but the case against him was both very serious and extremely compelling, so following a remand in custody, he was allocated a top flight QC, Douglas Draycott, who among his other talents was a former Recorder of Shrewsbury.

Unlike the dim-witted John Morgan, Draycott realised his client's story was a tissue of lies, and that he was facing an uphill struggle at trial, so he convinced him to enter a defence of provocation rather than one of self-defence. He also advised Ram that entering the witness box would not be in his best interests. Had he given evidence, Ram would have been what is termed a vulnerable witness, which can mean many things, but in this case means liar.

However reluctantly, Ram accepted his QC's advice, and unsurprisingly was convicted of murder in double quick time. Unhappy with the verdict, he launched an appeal, which was based primarily on Draycott's failing to properly cross-examine one of the prosecution witnesses, a waiter named Abdul Mozomil, who appears to have been a somewhat nervous and probably reluctant witness. This fact has been twisted by Ram's small but dedicated army of liars to the claim that Asian witnesses who could have bolstered the defence case were not called; what they never mention is the fact that the restaurant manager was also a prosecution witness, and that the evidence he gave was particularly damning.

Although his first appeal was dismissed, Ram's dedicated liars kept up the pressure until his case was referred back to the Court of Appeal, where Lord Justice Beldam sent him away with a flea in his ear.

By this time, 1995, the Internet had come of age, and the Gospel According to Saint Ram had spread across the globe, but the Internet alone cannot account for the consistent misreporting. Fortunately though, the Internet cuts both ways, and in April 2001 I opened a website dedicated to the facts of this case.

Sometime ago when I spoke with Nadine O'Neill she said a contact of hers who visited the site regularly thought I was a genius. I like flattery as much as the next man, but unlike Oscar Wilde I have no genius to declare: I never attended university; I certainly didn't attend Sheffield University where the imbeciles of the students' union made Ram their Honorary President.

Ram's high powered supporters include lawyers and MPs, people who are almost by definition more intelligent, sophisticated and cultured than little old me: I don't feel like a latter day Isaac Newton standing next to them, but I do at times feel like the young boy who saw through the Emperor's new clothes. I said once that with the exception of the original press reports of the murder and the law reports, anything you might have read about this case was a tissue of lies unless it was written by me. I was very proud of that claim, but in retrospect it is not a fact of which I should be proud, but one we should all find



deeply disturbing.

When Ram was parolled in June 2002, his supporters arranged a carefully staged press conference. They didn't invite me, for some strange reason, but any of the journalists who attended could have let the air out of his tyres with a few select questions such as isn't it true that you were drunk at the time of the murder, Mr Ram? After you'd stabbed Clarke Pearce, didn't you express a desire to see him dead? And so on. But these questions remained unasked.

When I use the phrase the Gospel According to Saint Ram, this is not mere sarcasm: in order to exculpate Ram from a murder conviction, one would have to throw out not just the prosecution evidence, but the evidence of Ram's own witness, Schneider, and the laws of physics as well. One would then have to permit him to advance his absurd story about defending himself against a much bigger and heavier attacker with a pen knife and stabbing him almost accidentally, and one would have to do this *without putting a single critical question to him*.

This is not law, it is not philosophy, it is not even mere religion, it is revealed truth. And "anti-racism", the entire "anti-racist" movement, is about precisely that. "Anti-racism" is a revealed truth. That is what we are up against. Blacks have lower IQ than whites - the reason *must be racism: Africa is in chaos, again the reason can only be racism: the wicked Imperialists sucked the wealth out of the Dark Continent leaving Africans poor, and of course don't forget slavery*.

In 1994, at the height of the Rwandan genocide, the newspaper Socialist Worker wrote: "The roots of Rwanda's civil war lie in the divisions caused by decades of colonial rule by Western powers and the deep poverty that the capitalist world system has brought to Africa.

There will be no solution from French troops or the United Nations. They represent precisely the forces which have pillaged Africa." (6)

So black men are hacking each other to death with machettes, the whites and the rest of the world are trying frantically to stop the horror, and it's all the fault of the Great White Bigot.

When we have race riots in this country or anywhere else, it's all the fault of racism and oppression. And when London is bombed by self-styled Islamic fanatics, and over fifty people are slaughtered, well, it's our fault, we deserved it for our racist invasion of Iraq and for centuries of Imperialist exploitation and oppression. No amount of reason, evidence, logic or rational argument will ever convince the true believer otherwise. Revealed truth is exactly that. Anyone and everyone who challenges any of these views can only be an agent of the Devil, or in "anti-racist" parlance, a racist, and therefore not only unworthy of belief but unworthy even of a hearing. Satpal Ram's supporters as good as said this about his murder trial - all the witnesses were racists, how can you not believe poor Satpal?

Happily, this story has a fitting ending. After he was parolled, Ram brought an action for false imprisonment because Home Secretary Jack Straw had blocked his release, a move which the European Court of Human Rights declared illegal. He was awarded twenty thousand pounds damages for the extra time he had spent

in prison. I would have been inclined to charge him rent, but before he could receive this money, there was a rather large deduction to be made. He had been granted Legal Aid to bring a frivolous action against the prison authorities, and when he withdrew from this, the cost of this action was deducted from his award, which left him about a thousand pounds. Still not a bad prison discharge grant, you might think, but before he could collect it, Mr Ram had reverted to type, and his life licence was revoked following allegations of criminal damage and assault. He remained unlawfully at large until April of this year when he was arrested in London. During the course of his arrest he assaulted two police officers.

Unsurprisingly, he has fallen off the radar, and none of his myriad braindead supporters has mentioned him since. Again, this is a typical "anti-racist" tactic, batter away at a perceived injustice of the racist system, and when the truth outs, quietly forget it until the next *campaign comes along*.

So how do we fight this sort of revealed truth, this sort of insanity? We can't do it through the regular media, and we can't do it through the usual legal channels, but nowadays we have the Internet - which as I said earlier cuts both ways - and we have other outlets. Like this *meeting*. We can and must concentrate on those of our people who can be saved, and who deserve to be saved. And they can be found in the strangest of places.

I wrote a considerable number of letters to the media correcting the wilful lies that have been spread on behalf of Satpal Ram: all but two of them were ignored, but two were published, one by the left wing newspaper Tribune, and the other by an Indian on-line newspaper. In the first I stressed the working class background of Clarke Pearce, and that appears to have gone down well.

The publication of the other letter indicates I think that often non-whites are not quite as dumb as some people on the so-called far right would have us believe, and do have the capacity to swallow unpalatable truths. This applies equally in the field of race. Most blacks and the vast majority of Asians aren't that enamoured with forced race-mixing, as the Yasmin Alibhai-Browns of this world readily admit. They have no time for so-called gay rights, and as far as economics goes, they realise what side their bread is buttered: nowadays as ever it is the air-headed intellectuals who find the appeal of socialism most alluring. Most non-whites, especially Moslems, realise too that the repressive laws that have been piggybacked in on the current wave of terror can and will be used against them as much as the Draconian race laws have been used *against the likes of the late John Tyndall*.

We can and should work with like-minded individuals and groups from whatever background who share our goals and ideals, and who oppose the tyranny and brainwashing of the race-mixers, because although we cannot break their stranglehold of the media, we have now *the means to build a counter-media that is so effective as to render their lies and nonsense impotent in the face of irrefutable truth*.

## Notes And References

(1) The introduction was written by me as well as the text: the speech was delivered with a certain amount of humour, comment and ad libbing but this is a fairly accurate transcript.



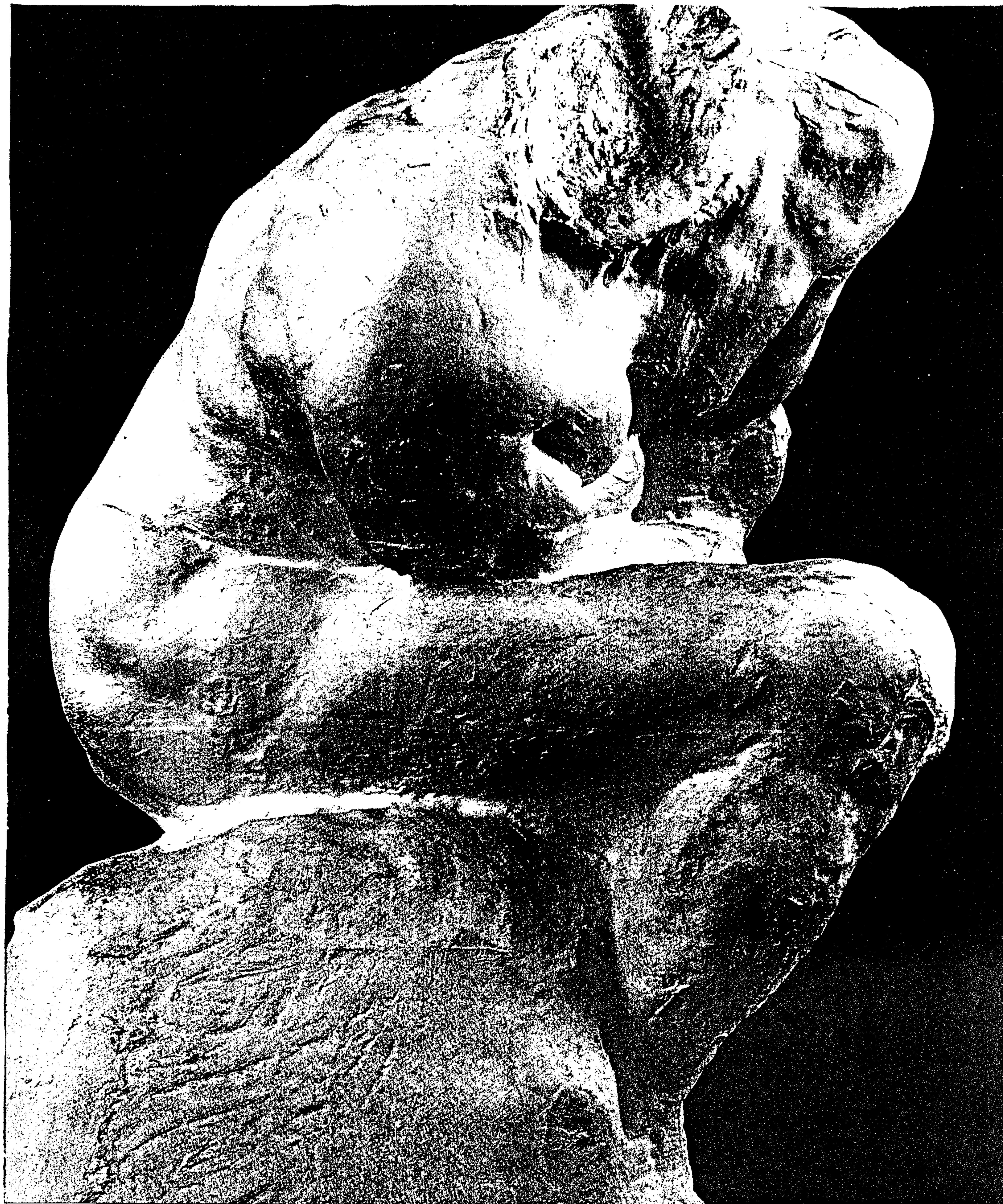
(2) There was one lady present, Arlette Baldacchino, who also spoke. Another, also a speaker, had already left by the time I took the floor, due to a prior appointment.

(3) I can't remember the exact chronology or sequence of my early researches, but I wrote to the victim's mother in October 2000; a copy of the letter is reproduced on the satpaframisguifty website.

(4) I found these lyrics on the web; as with many songs, transcripts may vary. The actual song can be download from many sources by Limewire, for example. I would advise the reader against this, as the song really is as appalling as the above sample suggests.

(5) To be scrupulously fair, the leaflet states "This photo was taken by *police investigating an assault by prison officers at Nottingham jail*", but this photograph has been reproduced numerous times with the claim or implication that these facial injuries were caused by Clarke Pearce or by a gang of racists. The NCRM website does not tell the reader the cause of these facial injuries but leaves this to the imagination.

(6) In its July 23, 1994, most tellingly, the idiot who wrote this article concludes "The only lasting way out is for Rwandans of all ethnic backgrounds to unite against the foreign troops and the rich."





# WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE TURNER PRIZE?

By Jonathan Bowden

WHAT'S wrong with the Turner Prize? Ah, there hangs a tale for this or any other day. For who, on pain of being denounced as a Reactionary by contemporary opinion, can object to such a circus? To be specific, are works such as a shark held in taxidermic thrall, a *demi-monde*'s unmade bed, a *pointillist* version of Myra Hindley made from infantile thumbs, and a medley of semi-paedophile dolls, really deserving of a Tate house cup? A recipient of which receives £20,000+, on the one hand, and a dollop of tabloid notoriety, on the other. All of it in relation to Turner; yes, that's right, John Ruskin's moral exemplum, and the foremost impressionist in nineteenth-century England. Does it even really matter? The response has to be a resounding YES.

Whereas the Turner Prize's relative failure, superintended by Serrota at Tate Britain and financed by Saatchi at County Hall, can be placed on a trident's three points. Does not Hermes stretch out from under the sea, grasping a thrice-spronged spear, in order to accompany a mage to his truth?

First up, few of these prize winners has anything original to encompass. A similar aridity, or absence of accomplishment, will follow many of the short-listed artists around as well. To argue a point, the quasi-paedophile dolls of the Chapman Brothers, whether Jake or Dinos inseparably, are a faint echo of Bellmer's pornographic dollies in the 'thirties. These were a species of German surrealism, a private sexuality along the lines of Stekel, and a possible permutation of Andre Breton's novel, *Mad Love*. Similarly, the Chapman figurines embody the fleshy codex of Balthus, where pubescent girls lie around in rooms, a dwarf's groping hand to ponder. But the essential brief is as follows: everything that contextualises Chapmanworld is prior. It has been done before. It prides itself on Newness, radicalism, daring, an avoidance of censorship, *épater les bourgeois*... In fact, it is conservative within Modernism, old-hat, semi-archival, repetitive, and exists to recycle old verities. Wasn't there a band called 'Pop Will Eat Itself'?

To make the same declaration, again: let us examine the *objects d'art* of both Damien Hirst and Tracey Emin. These are two of the most famous exponents of 'Brit Art', so-called. Now Damien Hirst's tiger shark is actually an exercise in taxidermy, in the preservation of a Form within three-dimensional space. Put very tritely, it illustrates or compounds craft, not art. Why so? Because Fine Art involves mediation, wherein the artists stands between the observer's eye and the object perceived, prior to creation. This is the essential difference between Art and pornography, for instance. Yet here, the natural beauty, the beauty of the shark in preservative fluid, has to be what characterises this living sculpture. *Ceteris paribus*, the artist does relatively little but rearrange. I have before me two exhibits by a skilled Italian taxidermist. The are small plexiglass cages, about a thousandth of the size of Hirst's man-eater. One embodies a Thai black scorpion, the other a vast African beetle from the Congo. Both are dead – hopefully – and have been injected with prussic or nitric acid, depending. Neither of them can be described as less artistic than D.H.'s effort. As an example of taxidermy or a given instrument, they are probably more gifted.

Why? Since they will rot away to nothingness over time, given that Hirst hasn't 'based' his material effectively. Formaldehyde will certainly preserve, but, as a mock-taxidermist, he could have used pure alcohol or ethanol. The fish should also have been injected with like preservative, otherwise it will flip over subsequently, *slightly reduce in size, and float towards the tank's bottom*. None of which prevented an American multi-millionaire paying £6,000,000 for it. Isn't it amazing the way that figure keeps cropping up in the most unlikely places?

To turn to Tracy Emin, an Anglo-Turkish *émigré*, her work is even more of a ready-made than Hirst's. Or perhaps the term 'cast off' can be used in this regard? Her most famous mock-sculpture remains the Unmade Bed. It holds the retina for 30 seconds, then bores. May it not be considered, *en passant*, to be a dwindling addendum to Duchamp's urinal or Warhol's coat-stand... purchased in a New York market? But wasn't the former chess exponent, and expert on the End Game, just taking the proverbial green-water? Possibly. Even though the Brit Pack artistes are notoriously humourless. In any event, all of this art waxes recidivist, duplicatory, semi-plagiarist, repetitive and neo-conservative. It is radically post-modern, or semi-conspiratorial with its sense of affront. It represents the *reductio ad absurdum* of bourgeois Formalism. Such presentatons also confirm a thesis of Wyndham Lewis during the 'fifties, namely *The Demon of Progress in the Arts*.

To move to the second of our three points... if Turner Prize art confounds originality, what can it be based on? The response must be 'theory'; hence the empty moniker 'conceptual' art. This relates to a whole clutch of theories of a counter-cultural vantage point. Perhaps, so as to structure an argument, these Marxian theorems can be grouped around three texts. They are of fake canonical





import. I designate them, like a collector of insects pinning a Lepidoptera to a board, as: Theodore Adorno's *Aesthetic Theory*, Jean Gimpel's *The Cult of Art: Against Art & Artists*, and Stewart Home's *The Assault on Culture*. All three are Art anti-art, like post-Great War Dada, of which they are dialectical echoes or simpering abstractions. Above all, in the spirit of Samuel Beckett's *Comment C'est* hovers Adorno's post-Shoah pessimism. Nonetheless, all of these exemplify tendencies which deprive the Object, and that hope to drive filthy lucre out of Art simultaneously. Alas, it remains a hopeless task. It becomes positively Sisyphean, but not in the manner Albert Camus meant. Because commodity fetishism is the elixir of the present art-market. Art works are Objects: they exist in 3-D space: they are substantial. A price will be affixed to them. All artists secretly want this, as Lucien Freud once affirmed. No matter how you rail against the Object – hey presto, it returns behind you, naggingly, without looking. Don't you see? No sooner has Adorno got through praising the French and German New Wave, depicting non-narrative or highly experimental film, than it's commercialised. Your Multiplex might not want it, but commercially viable clubs, alternative cinemas and Art festivals will. Surely this is just a non-mainstream form of business? Jean Gimpel detests the artistic ego and its Romantic cult of excess, but one fears that this post-Jewish humanist wouldn't enjoy the traditional Catholicism out of which the Cathedral builders sprang. Needless to say, Stewart Home's nihilistic *Smile* becomes more and more deranged as he capers after artists of growing extremity, all of them at war with the objects they are trying to produce. *Touche!* One may mummify oneself and roll around in garbage, *a la* Schwarzkogler, or engage in more and more



negative jousts... like the Circus of Horrors, Vermin from the Sewers, or Archaos. But still, isn't the freak show just the most ancient form of Popular Art, decidedly *commercial, and given over to the instincts of the People?* At this level, a skilled Punchman or Professor, behind his swazzle, happens to be the most dependable Neoist of all. Realised proletarian art... surely Punch and Judy is a master class here *par excellence?* After all, aren't Fred Tickner's puppets more artistic than almost any Turner Prize committee recommendation? Yet Stewart Home's anti-art remains doomed to failure. Situationism, Lettrism, Fluxus, Mail Art, Auto-destructive art *a la* Metzger, it will either sell-out, commercialise, film itself as a recording device in order to do so, archive, give up or commit suicide. Asger Jorn's abstractions can either sell through Sotheby's (already happening), or Guy Debord shall top himself. One or the other... as to Prolecult *vis-à-vis* the commercial art of bourgeois protest: why, Home once read out the Turner Prize menu on Radio 4. Revolution? I think not. The philistine instincts he admires, mediated through Blood & Honour without thought, lie on the other side. It ramifies with Laibach rather than lying back. If aestheticised, it would turn into the manifestations of Art and Power, or a celebration of authoritarian art at the Hayward Gallery of yesteryear. Surely the missing ingredient from *Red London* has to be Ian Stuart Donaldson?



**Ducne Hanson**

*Tourists II* 1988

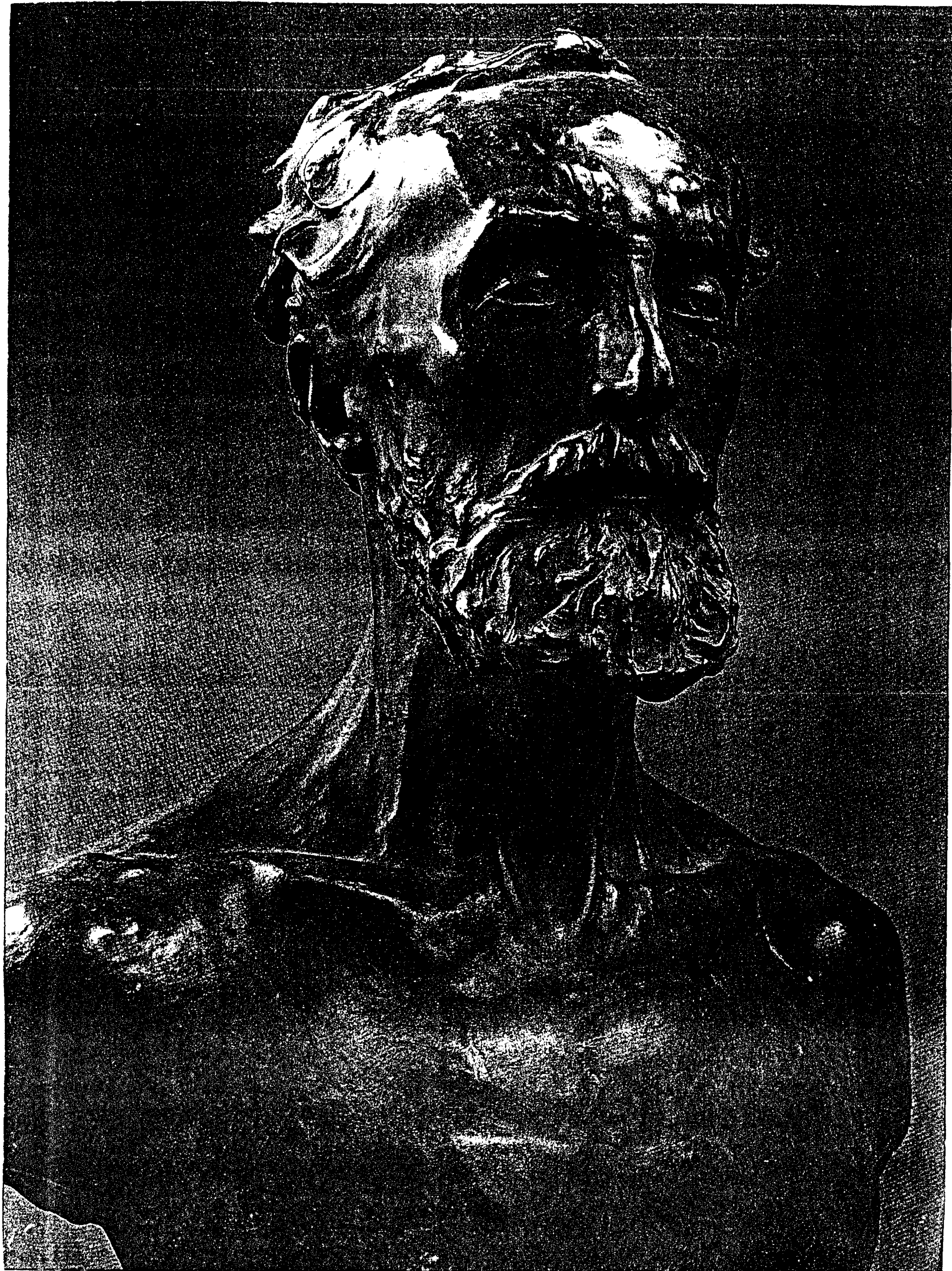
autobac, filler, fibreglass and mixed media life size

To sum up, and by way of a Third Position, the Turner Prize is a failure because anti-Objectivist art cannot subsist without repeating itself. It has already begun to do so *ad nauseum*. It can only go to war on objects by replicating them with a lower standard of craft. Post-modernism has truly succeeded high Modernism, but only with a diminuendo in terms of an original BLAST! Even in relation to British modernity *per se*, no Turner exhibit trumps Lewis, Wadsworth, Roberts, Nash, Nevinson, Etchells, Dismorr, Saunders, Dobson, Moore, Frink, Gaudier-Brzeska, Ayrton, Vaughan, Piper, Sutherland, Burra, *et al*. The only Turner gobbets which stood muster were the living sculpture of Gilbert and George. These related tangentially, at least in terms of men-in-suits, to the Grey Movement... a British tributary of New Slovenian Art. Also, their stained-glass windows became fashionable for a time, with their garish poster-paint colours, statuesque mien, and National Front lexicography.



# MANNERBUND: ASPECTS OF MALE MYSTERY CULTS

By Alisdair Clarke





HOMOSEXUALS have a long and honourable tradition as culture-bearers, and for fighting for and defending their tribes and later, nations. Now, when the survival and evolution of Western Civilization itself is at stake, the duty of all brave, aware, truthful and well-meaning gay men is self-evident. Homosexuals must act as white blood cells, ready to attack any invasion of the Western body politic.

### Theory of Mannerbund

The consequences of the Neolithic agricultural revolution at first resulted in a mean and squalid life for Europeans. Archaeological studies of skeletons show that the first farmers had more nutrition-related diseases, and died younger, than their Paleolithic hunter-gatherer ancestors. Labour was intensive, people barely scratched a subsistence livelihood from the land, in contrast to hunter-gatherers who had spent little more than an hour a day working for all their requirements. Social organization was basic: nuclear families in huts wallowing in drudgery had no time for politics and higher civilization.

As farming techniques slowly improved, groups of men were able to escape the social domesticity and relentless toil to start to build alternative social and political structures that went beyond the basic demands of the nuclear family, reproduction and subsistence farming. A new, superior and more complex human organization became possible. Defence of the tribe against other marauding MANNERBUND was the chief priority, acting as a catalyst to further refinement.

As the radical Italian traditionalist Julius Evola states, "It was this MANNERBUND, in which the qualification of 'man' had simultaneously an initiatory (i.e. sacred) and a warrior meaning, that wielded the power in the social group or clan. This MANNERBUND was characterized by special tasks and responsibilities; it was different from all other societies to which members of the tribe belonged. In this primordial scheme we find the fundamental 'categories' differentiating the political order from the 'social' order. First among these is a special *chris*m – namely, that proper to 'man' in the highest sense of the word (*vir* was the term employed in Roman times) and not merely a generic *homo*: this condition is marked by a spiritual breakthrough and by detachment from the naturalistic and vegetative plane. Its integration is power, the principle of command belonging to the MANNERBUND. We could rightfully see in this one of the 'constants' (i.e. basic ideas) that in very different applications, formulations and derivations are uniformly found in theory or, better, in the metaphysics of the State that was professed even by the greatest civilizations of the past." (Julius Evola, *MEN AMONG THE RUINS*, Inner Traditions, Rochester, Vermont, USA, 2002). So, the MANNERBUND provides the very foundation for Western civilization. Evola again, "Anti-militaristic democracy is the expression of 'society' which, with its material ideals of peace or, at most, of wars waged to maintain peace, is opposed to the political principle that is, to the principle of the MANNERBUND, the shaping force of the State that has always depended on a warrior or military element, that cherished less material ideals, such as honour and superiority." (*MEN AMONG THE RUINS*, as above).

### MANNERBUND IN MYTH AND LEGENDS

The earliest Aryan myths, from India to Ireland, mention homosexual warrior bands. In the Indian Rig Veda, composed after the Aryan invasions (c1500bce) and the earliest of Hindu sacred texts, they are called *gandharvas* (divine youths) and *maruts* (storm gods, sons

of Rudra the ithyphallic proto-Siva). *Maruts*, although they "adorned themselves like women" are essential in helping Indra to destroy the Soma-demon *Vritra*, performing "joyous deeds in the ecstasy of drinking Soma".

### Centaur and Western Philosophy

*Gandharvas* are a band of semi-divine men united in initiation. They are sometimes described as having horses' heads and men's bodies, and are educators of heroes. They are like centaurs in Greek mythology with the bodies of horses and the torsos and heads of men (the repeated reference to horses shows the importance of this animal in all Aryan cultures).

Chiron is the most famous of the centaurs, who nurtures and educates the homosexual hero Achilles using the gifts of wisdom and bone-marrow. Bone-marrow, though nutritious, is more probably a metaphor for semen: both are white and contained within the phallic bone. Chiron was also tutor to Asklepios, who is the son of Apollo and the Hellenic god of medicine. It seems more than likely that the men-only academia and symposia (originally, *drinking bouts*) of the Classical period, frequented by Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, were vestiges of MANNERBUND customs.

### Wolf Cults

That Greece had its own man-wolf cults (witness *Lycaon*, Tyrant of Arcadia – whence the word *lycanthropy*) is well-documented, but the pre-historical Classical legend relating most closely to the MANNERBUND is that of the *Luperci*. These were young men who gathered around *Romulus* and *Remus*, the founders of Rome who had been brought up by a she-wolf on the banks of the Tiber.

One of early Rome's more notorious legends concerns *Romulus* leading his *Luperci*'s to the abduction and subsequent rape of the Sabine women. The women were from a neighbouring tribe; the rapes were planned not for fun but very specifically to increase the numbers of the Roman tribe. Centuries later, during the height of the Empire, the *Lupercalia* was still celebrated as a fertility festival by gangs of naked young men running through the streets of Rome brandishing whips.

Those deadly enemies of the Romans, the Germanic tribes east of the Rhine, shared at least one similarity with the Imperium: their wolf-cults. Called *Ulfhednar* ("wolf-skins", because that is what they wore), they were composed of cult bands of warriors dedicated to *Woden* (Odin), who himself keeps two wolves, *Geri* and *Freki* ("greedy").

As late as 930ce King Harald I Haarfager (=Fairhair) employed *Ulfhednar* as his bodyguards. The *Ulfhednar* were not alone. Other Teutonic warrior-fraternities that we still know about include the Boar-warriors (the Sutton Hoo helmet found in East Anglia and now in the British Museum is crowned with the image of a boar), who fought in wedge-shaped formations called *Svinfylking*, and most famously of all the Berserkir ("Bear-shirts", from whom we get the expression "going berserk" – because that's what they did in battle, usually naked).

These brutal MANNERBUND left their legacy to medieval Europe in heraldry and in the names of their chiefs, later kings of the earliest European family of nations. Bearskin hats are still worn by royal guards in Britain and Denmark.

Another lasting legacy to Europe from the MANNERBUND are the *runes*; *runes* are believed to be first spread around Europe by a group known as the



Heruli, which means literally "belonging to the marauding band". "Heri" means marauder, and it is from that word that modern English gets the verbs "to harry" and "to harass". The Heruli were accused by the contemporary early church of practicing homosexuality, and Connell O'Donovan and Kris Kershaw have shown how their naming practices, cultic and runic practices, origin myth and the homosociality of their warrior culture strongly indicate they belong within the tradition of Aryan MANNERBUND.

Of particular relevance to Teutonic MANNERBUND generally and homosexuality are the observations of Germanic scholar Margaret C. Ross (*Hildir's Ring: A Problem in the Ragnarsdrapa*, Medieval Scandinavia 6, 1973) concerning the *Jardarmen* ceremony, a rite of blood-brotherhood in which young male initiates were passed under three strips of turf, referred to as "earth torques". The torque is a choker-ring, popular with Celts and Teutons, and Ross says that as the *Jardarmen* rite is "connected with ceremonies of *fostbroedralag* (foster-brotherhood), one might suggest that its significance in the initiation ceremony was anal rather than vaginal in that the boys might have participated in a rite of communal sodomy to mark their entry into adult male society".

### Legendary Celtic Mannerbund

A Celtic king whose name betrays its totem-animal-based MANNERBUND origins is that most illustrious king of all: Arthur (from Artois – bear). Arthur had his Knights of the Round Table, an idealized model of Imperial democratic governance; the full homosexuality of which is brought out in Richard Wagner's opera *Parsifal*.

Finn is the leader of a similar warrior-band, this time Irish: the Fena. As Peter Lambourn Wilson writes in *PLOUGHING THE CLOUDS* (City Light Books, San Francisco 1999), "The Fena are not as other mortals. Like Maruts and Gandharvas, we might call them demi-gods. Their feasting, drinking, hunting, brawling and fucking represent the *raison d'être* of the Indo-European MANNERBUND – but their shape-shifting, their ambiguous relations with fairyland, and their poetic frenzies mark them as 'divine youths'".

Foster-brothers Cu Chulainn and Ferdia are two lovers in an Irish MANNERBUND who, due to the machinations of Queen Mebd of Connacht, are forced to fight on opposing sides. As Cu Chulainn says:

*fast friend, forest companions  
we made one bed and slept one sleep  
in foreign lands after the fray.  
Scathach's pupils, two together,  
we'd set forth to comb the forest.*

After the first day of battle they met and kissed, but were denied sex although "their charioteers slept by the same fire". This pattern is repeated on the second and third day, until on the fourth day Cu Chulainn slays Ferdia, exclaiming to the companion who he cradles, "O Ferdia! *Your death will hang over me like a cloud forever*". The story recalls the lament of Achilles for Patroclus at Troy.

These relationships were by no means uncommon, as the evidence surviving into non-mythological, non-legendary, historical time demonstrates.

### Mannerbund in History

In 371bce the Sacred Band of Thebes was formed in Hellas. This military unity, consisting of 150 pairs of male couples, was based on the belief that men fighting alongside their lovers would rather die than shame one another. The Sacred Band was annihilated thirty-three

years later by Philip of Macedon and his son Alexander, himself homosexual, at the Battle of Chaeronea. British historian Arnold J. Toynbee holds this defeat as responsible for the first fatal breakdown of the Hellenic civilization.

Celtic MANNERBUND made a number of successful raids into the Mediterranean world, sacking Rome in 390bce and Apollo's Oracle at Delphi around a century later, before finally the tables were turned by Julius "Queen of Bithynia" Caesar. These raids gave Classical writers a chance to observe the behaviour of the Celts at close quarters. Aristotle wrote that, "The men are inclined to let themselves be dominated by women, this is *not an unusual tendency amongst energetic warrior races*. Apart, of course, from the Celts, who respect manly love quite openly, so to speak."

Diodorus Siculus was even more explicit, describing Celtic warriors as sleeping on animal skins flanked by male lovers, "they abandon without qualm the bloom of their bodies to others [and] don't think this is shameful".

Norman nobles and the royal Norman court in London were regularly criticized by the Church for homosexuality, which perhaps developed from the *Jardarmen* rites of their not-so-distant Norse forefathers. Rufus (William II), England's last homosexual pagan king, came in for particular opprobrium, partly because of the colourful, form-fitting clothes he favoured for himself and his butch companions.

Prince William was the nephew of Rufus: when he drowned in the White Ship disaster of 1120ce Xian zealots believed the catastrophe to be divine punishment for on-board homosexual orgies.

[*Sailors, specially pirates, have often taken on the appearance of floating MANNERBUND fuelled, in the famous words of Churchill's assistant Anthony Montague-Browne, by "rum, sodomy and the lash."* Herulians were the earliest recorded Viking pirates, conducting raids along the Atlantic coast from Portugal to Denmark even before the final collapse of the Roman empire. Their social structure is best described as an anarchic democracy. This free-booting MANNERBUND spirit was once more unleashed in the Caribbean with the discovery of the New World. Companies of ships once again formed their own tiny democracies. Science Fiction author William Burroughs imagines an alternate utopian reality developed by swashbuckling homosexual pirates in *CITIES OF THE RED NIGHT*.

The enduring myth of Jason and the Argonauts is the supreme example of a maritime MANNERBUND, but instead of working as a free, independent collective, the Argonauts have a very specific function to perform for their civilization. So in the figure of Jason is combined the MANNERBUND archetype and the Faustian/ Promethean archetypes of the West.]

Normans were also notorious for their savage efficiency in battle, again a likely hang-over from the brutal MANNERBUND of their Scandinavian ancestors.

Robin Hood and his merry band of outlaw men living in the greenwood forest is perhaps the furthest we can track the traditional MANNERBUND into the very early modern period. As the leading authority on this people's hero states, "One final characteristic of the early tales smacks of the household and of service: none of the outlaws has a family. Much is a miller's son, but there is nothing of the miller. The treacherous prioress of Kirklees, Robin's near-of-kin or cousin, is the only relative in the whole cycle. There are no parents, no wives and no children. *Apart from the prioress, women scarcely figure at all.*" "There is no Maid Marian. Marian only made her way



into the legends via the May Games and that not certainly until the sixteenth century. It was not simply that Robin's devotion to the Virgin Mother left no room for other women. It saw rather that there was no place for them in the context of the tales." (J.C. Holt, ROBIN HOOD, Thames & Hudson London 1989). Of course Will Scarlet, Much the miller's son and Little John are in there from the start!

### Mannerbund in the future

By the end of the Nineteenth century, the process of abstracting MANNERBUND from the real world to the *ideal world, to the realms of European Romanticism*, was completed. In the Anglo-Saxon world we have the theories of Edward Carpenter ("Towards Democracy") and the poems of Walt Whitman, notably the Calamus cycle in *The Leaves of Grass*. Here, Whitman talks of an "adhesive love" between men to build an organic, non-individualistic American republic.

A brave, more practical attempt was made by Hans Bluher and Wilhelm Jansen, founders of the Wandervogel during the Kaiserreich. Bluher's romantic idealism was to meet with great success in his homeland over the following decades, cross-fertilizing with the unbroken spirit of returning WWI troops in the Freikorps. Lord Baden Powell watered-down many of Bluher's ideas for a tame, still sadly Christian, British Empire. He also made the error of believing that ideals of honour, bravery and adventure were for malleable youths only and not full-grown men.

Perhaps the only place in Western culture where the MANNERBUND still thrives is also the most hopeful for the future: in the stories of Robert Heinlein, William Burroughs, comics and the internet.

The author may be contacted via  
alister@starknetmail.com





# A BELGIAN ALERT

By Robert Sheffield

EVIDENCE has recently surfaced in Belgium that reveals the method by which we've all been led to the present dire situation.

## The facts

Bernard Choquet, an electronics-control engineer, lives among the battlefields of WWI in Southern Belgium. Perhaps the constant reminder of the never-failing folly of our European elites has amplified a passion for a united Europe. Becoming an activist in the groups Nation and Bloc Wallon allowed him a front-row seat to watch the charade of nationalism in his home country. Tired of what he believed to be blatant government infiltration and control, he finally quit the movement in 2001. At the time, he wasn't able to prove his thesis but then, ironically, the Muslim aggression of 9/11 came to his aid.

To fully appreciate his reaction to this event we need to understand the strength of French antipathy to American cultural and economic imperialism. They see the U.S. as a malign force, which is replacing a concern for community with greed and alienated individualism. So, upon hearing of 9/11, he rang several American NATO officers not to offer his condolences but to inform them that "the Big Satan is going to die."

Not surprisingly, the Americans demanded a stern Belgian response and, soon after, he was charged with using threatening language. Of course, it's a matter of interpretation, but Bernard insists it was legitimate political comment and not any kind of personal threat to the individual men. At least there's no chance of him sharing the fate of Derek Bently ("let him have it, Chris"), who was hung.

This brings us to the crux of the story: in the course of preparing a case for his defence, Bernard discovered some extraordinary facts about the secret activities of the Belgian state. In particular, he's found:

- A secret document, issued by the Belgian Justice Ministry in 1985. The many clues in it point to only one possible candidate and conclusion: that the president of the National Front (FN) of Belgium, Dr. Daniel Feret, is a long-time government agent. See copy and translation.
- That some U.S. servicemen (CIA?) have infiltrated Right-wing groups in Belgium (he has names and addresses).

Like any worthwhile revelation, it helps solve puzzles that had seemed insoluble. It explains why the FN has never been as successful as its French equivalent; and why legal prosecutions against Feret have never succeeded (while doubtlessly providing him with a necessary credibility). In contrast, more honourable parties have been relentlessly harassed and some legally proscribed (for example, Bloc Wallon and AGIR). The significance of this is that the Belgian state still uses its glove-puppet, the FN, to control nationalist aspirations.

Obviously, they act in accordance with the rule "the end justifies the means". In Belgium, as in Britain, the suppression of opposition to the destructive twins, mass immigration and globalism, has enabled the complete transformation of the nation. On them and their successors will rest the punishment for their contempt of community and our posterity.

The woman currently responsible for continuing this policy is: Madame Onckelinkx, Ministre de la Justice, 115 Boulevard de Waterloo, B-1000 Bruxelles, Belgique. This lady should be asked the following questions:

- Is the "Albert Raes" document genuine?
- Is its subject Dr. Daniel Feret?
- Is undermining democratic parties the proper function of the Belgian security services?

## In Britain

The background to this story will feel depressingly familiar to many of us: the pattern of small political success (and the consequent burst of hope), followed inevitably by failure and the suspicion that MI5 agents had something to do with it. Their current target is the British National Party. Everyone will have noticed the strange behaviour of some of its elected councillors, who inevitably desert the party at vital moments. Of course, this presents an image of disunity and incompetence to the electorate and lowers the morale of its ordinary members.

## Conclusions

- The evidence from Belgium provides concrete proof that another West European government has explicitly directed its secret police to undermine those organisations it disapproves of. The German government's farcical attempt to proscribe the NPD is another example.
- In varying degrees, West European governments have, since WW2, had policies specifically aimed at destroying ancient national identities.
- The West European security services form a community of common interest. They swap information and ideas, which is acceptable to the majority of their citizens. But they also facilitate the chaotic and alien elements within their societies, whether they fully realise it or not.

The secret police and their short-sighted masters rely on silence, darkness and timidity. The case in Belgium proves that we can best stop their activities by confronting them in the courts, local or international. **Bernard Choquet has pioneered the trail. We should follow his lead.**





CABINET  
DU VICE-PRÉMIER MINISTRE

CONFIDENTIEL

RABINET - CABINET

NOTE A MONSIEUR LE VICE-PRÉMIER MINISTRE

AD  
copie à  
Ex de Raes avec  
mes compléments

WOK

1. J'ai déjeuné avec Albert Raes à la Maison du Cygne et lui ai communiqué oralement vos instructions.
2. Le dossier sur l'intéressé est très consistant. Le SDRA et la BSR se sont montrés fort coopérants, de même que les Français. Vénalité et amoralité en disputent à l'imprudence: la réalité dépasse la fiction. Plus que suffisant pour mener à la baguette tout individu raisonnable!
3. L'opération ne sera cependant pas une sinécure: l'intéressé est difficile à tenir. Albert Raes affirme qu'il est dérangé: imprévisible, inconséquent, égocentrique, mégalomanie, et sans doute masochiste.
4. Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien: le problème n'est pas qu'il ne fasse pas ce qu'il faut, mais au contraire qu'il en fasse spontanément trop. Le maintenir en place pourrait s'avérer périlleux: des interventions tous azimuts s'imposeront pour lui éviter de trop séduire ennemis. Et il semble que cela soit déjà en cours.
5. Albert Raes reste néanmoins convaincu que rien ne lui pourra se servir de l'intéressé. On utilisera les renseignements pour neutraliser la nébuleuse qui vous préoccupe.

Exp.: H. Bricmont  
C.P. Chénier  
MONT 87

CONFIDENTIEL

Translation:

1. I lunched with Albert Raes at La Maison du Cygne and gave him your instructions.
2. The file you are interested in is very thick. The SDRA and the BSR are showing good co-operation, as are the French. Greed and amorality are matched only by their imprudence: reality surpasses fiction. It is more sufficient for them to be led by a baguette!
3. However, the operation is not simple: the person's interest is difficult to maintain. Albert Raes asserts he is a fantasist, egocentric, a self-mythmaker and, without doubt, masochistic.
4. The best is the enemy of the ordinary: the problem is that he lacks self-control. To maintain his position he must avoid trouble: some of his political ambitions must be curbed to avoid very serious problems. It seems to me that he already has a very useful role.
5. Albert Raes remains nevertheless convinced that he is the man who will best serve our interests. We do not have anyone better for neutralizing the uncertainties that are worrying you.

Explanations:

- The subject of the letter (the baguette!) is Daniel Feret, President of the Belgian National Front.
- Albert Raes was the former head of the Belgian secret services (Sûreté de l'Etat).
- "the uncertainties" of Point 5 are Belgium's various nationalist groups.
- SDRA was Belgium's Military Intelligence and BSR was the investigative services of the police in 1986.



# ANARCHO-CORPORATISM: TOWARDS A NATIONAL-LIBERTARIAN THEORY OF REVOLUTIONARY ECONOMICS

By Wayne John Sturgeon

*"We should learn to live without working, that would mean we would have to live creatively" - John Cage*

OSWALD Mosley once said, concerning his vision of a 'fascist' state, that "everything would be in the State - nothing against the State"; a vision consistent with a programme towards an all-powerful authoritarian centralization both political and economic.

I would contend that a 'national-libertarian' vision should travel in the opposite direction, following an 'anarchist' instinct towards greater decentralization and devolution of political and economic power. Away from the 'democratic herd' of party politics towards direct popular participation.

Mosley's particular brand of fascist theory was a synthesis of Nietzscheanism and Christianity, combining both the 'new man' concept of vitalism with the Catholic sense of duty, service and sacrifice, i.e. medieval Christendom secularized, whilst Mosley's concept of the corporate state has been called 'feudalism industrialised' (so hardly a true transcendence of the Marxist concept of 'class war').

What I would like to do in this short article, is to introduce the idea of 'anarcho-corporatism' to national libertarian discourse as a theory of revolutionary economics that can provide a synthesis of radical right alternative economics, whether distributist, social credit, Strasserite or Proudhonist.

Also relevant to this is guild socialism and the Spanish Falangist tradition of revolutionary nationalist syndicalism, before it was hijacked by the reactionary clerico-fascist Franco.

It is important to stress that anarcho-corporatism is to be completely distinguished from the bureaucratic statism and centralism of classical reactionary fascism, particularly in relation to one important and highly important point: The individual is more important than the State and communism, fascism and political authoritarian collectivism should be opposed in any form. 'Systems' should be created for people, not people for 'systems'.

As Muammar al-Qathafi has said in his highly relevant *Green Book*, "In need freedom is latent", i.e. that real freedom must mean not only national and political freedom but also economic freedom because dependence on others for the necessities of life ultimately means being in a state of servile slavery.

There is a tendency, particularly within National-Bolshevik/Strasserite theory, towards the 'socialist' planned economy of statist intervention and regulation, whereas I would contend that anarcho-corporatism advocates economic pluralism and 'panarchy', the complete diffusion of sovereignty - sometimes referred to as 'polyarchy' - that allows different forms of economic structures to work, within various municipal societies, regions or provinces, but all moving in the same general direction. Not in a divisive war of all against all, but rather as a true organic agrarian and holistic 'unity in diversity'. A communalism based on the mass distribution of private property coupled with an armed population of small property owners facilitated by a minimalist government of people's popular congresses, i.e. "the best government is the government that governs the least", consistent with

Proudhon's view of a transitional minimalist state that would set the process in motion without lapsing into the tyranny of Marxist democratic centralism and the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Another context where anarcho-corporatism differs radically from most traditional 'Right' thinking is that in essence it is 'anti-work'. Advocating instead that the opportunity for self-development and the creative and responsible enjoyment of leisure is the true purpose of labour-saving methods - indeed, social credit has been referred to as a 'populist' form of 'virtual anarchism' via monetary reform and providing people with a basic liveable income independent of and before any 'earned' work etc., thus liberating the individual from any dependence on forced wage-slavery or servile welfare statism with its disempowering poverty traps where work does not pay enough to live on once the benefits are taken away.

Anarcho-corporatism is a vision that, rather than building down from the State in Mosley's fascist version, rather builds up from the individual and the workers' co-operative in that the proper purpose of all industry is not so much the provision of employment for its own sake but rather the production of goods, the proper purpose of production being consumption not profit ('growth economics' are draining the natural environment of all its resources, note how Blair now refers to the unemployed as 'human capital' and the general public as 'consumers' and not citizens, dehumanizing political-speak consistent with the Orwellian materialist ethos of the age we are living in).

It has long been observed that 'war is the health of the State'. America is a war economy, it needs to engineer war to keep its capitalist system functioning smoothly. 'Peace' is simply not profitable enough and social justice and national freedom are to be sacrificed in the desperate wish for ever-declining resources (oil is going to peak in the next couple of years, after that it is going to steadily diminish and run out - and for a whole civilization that has built its whole industrial-social-cultural structure around it). The present economic system is the major cause of war, poverty and inflation, environmental pollution and divisive nationalisms etc. What we want for ourselves we should wish for all peoples, whatever their race, class or creed (yes, charity does 'begin at home', but it should not necessarily end there).

Ultimately, 'charity' is not the answer, but 'justice'. But justice is not just about dropping Third World debt but keeping the same debt/usury/speculative capitalist system in place, and neither is it about throwing bricks and bottles at policemen in Scotland (another self-defeatist blind alley for the self-serving Left). We can either become 'survivalists' - which may become the only attractive proposition once the ID card is finally transcended by the apocalyptic micro-chip! - or we can try to form, as far as is practical, our own economic structures which may mean just being self-employed, practicing ethical banking or establishing workers' co-operatives, housing co-operatives, communal farms, credit unions, L.E.T.S. schemes etc. or, if we simply don't have the time or energy for some of the more radical alternatives, to choose to work for charity or responsible non-profit-





making environmental organizations.

Ironically, it has to be observed that 'feminism' as an ideology had as its vision the supposed liberation of women and has actually only served to imprison women, not only in the home around the kitchen sink, but also in *more and more work in a 'carcerism' detrimental to her basic natural role and femininity*. The answer to feminism is not a return to reactionary patriarchy, but rather 'polarity' between male and female: equal but different. Feminism is a materialistic secularization of true spiritual womanhood, as much as the 'macho' man is an over-exaggeration as compensation for true masculinity (there is much relevance here in the *Green Book*, please refer to the section entitled 'Woman'). Although we should maybe avoid the hyper-conservatism and neo-puritanism of some on the Right, even finding a place for certain elements of free-market libertarianism as regards the complete deregularisation and liberalization of things like cannabis, prostitution, the sex industry etc. (if you don't like it, don't read it, buy it or use it: live and let live and *'mind your own business'*, the Anarchist proverb of the American radical individualist Benjamin Tucker).

The radical Right should be all about 'freedom'. Why is it, then, always lumped together with associations of authoritarianism and heavy-handed statism? Or with racist and fascist extremism when, ironically, it appears to be on the Left? Even some 'anarchists' - who, like the Janus of popular Greek mythology who faces one way and says one thing whilst in reality at the very same time is actually facing the other direction - are delivering the very thing they claim to oppose.

*"Faced by the individualist economy of the bourgeoisie, the socialist one arose, which handed over the fruits of production to the State, enslaving the individual. Neither of them have resolved the tragedy of the producer ... Workers! Comrades! Decisive moments are approaching. No one can stand back with his arms folded. The fate of everyone is in the balance ... Neither Right, nor Left! Neither Communism nor Capitalism! A national regime. The National Syndicalist regime!" - Jose Antonio Primo de Rivera, An Appeal to Spanish Workers, 21<sup>st</sup> November 1935.*



# IMPERIAL ECHOES: MUSIC AND FILM REVIEWS

By Troy Southgate

**'Edelrost' by Kreuzweg Ost [CSR58CD]**

Available from Cold Spring Records, P.O. Box 40,  
Northampton NN6 7PT, England.

Reviewed by Troy Southgate

IN 2000 Kreuzweg Ost released their debut album, 'Iron Avantgarde', something I've not had the opportunity to hear at this stage. I was very keen, therefore, to listen to the follow-up, particularly as it was deemed suitable for a well-respected label like Cold Spring. Kreuzweg Ost – which roughly translates as a 'crossing into the East' – is an Austrian trio comprised of Michael Gregor (formerly a member of Summoning), Ronald Albrecht and Oliver Stummer. The gloomy imagery on the front cover of the CD shows a medieval warrior holding aloft two spears in his outstretched arms, whilst the rest of the insert is decorated with Latin stanzas, imperial crests, scythes and – in typical Holbeinesque style – a skeletal figure clutching an hour-glass. The title track, 'Edelrost', is an ominous slice of Black Industrial, and soft German vocals form a heady contrast with the fear-laden atmosphere of *impending doom*. It's a simultaneous compound of the potentially burgeoning and the effectively minimal, each fighting for territory in a soundscape pregnant with an underlying and subliminal aggression. 'Für Kaiser, Gott und Vaterland' is quite different. A furious orchestral flurry, combined with rolling drums, militaristic orders and the sound of marching feet, acts as a brutal setting in which the aesthetic movement of a Wagnerian conductor's baton and the glint of a Prussian rifle become menacingly entangled. Here lies music that could mobilise the Wehrmacht itself. 'Die Legion', continuing the group's obsession with conflict and battle, has a deep cello superimposed over the sounds of falling bombs and the frantic gasps of a frightened woman. Eastern drumming and high-pitched keyboard melodies add a slightly Arabesque touch to the proceedings. Indicative, perhaps, of a war of fantasy between the forces of Islam and those of the West, albeit in a more traditionalist setting. This is musical jihad: the S.S. Handschar Division caught in all its glory; the Mufti perched on a flying carpet over the *Magnat Line*. Like a cross between a Buddhist hum and a dying Messerschmitt, a deep drone signals the beginning of 'Zucht und Hunger'. Static crunches and beeping radio frequencies litter the foreground like shards of electronic lost property, eventually reassembling themselves into an ordered beat and becoming peppered with female vocals. This is followed by a catchy tune that wouldn't be out of place at a Klezmer concert: featuring wild horns that defy you to stick your favourite rabbi in a wooden chair and whirl around the room like a veritable dervish or someone who found some LSD down the side of an armchair whilst shopping at Ikea. 'Eiserne Menschen' seems like a benchmark for everything this genre has to offer. Its powerful bass tones radiate their way through yet more fraulein exclamations and unrepentant drumbeats, like Sly and Robbie making an unexpected appearance at the Bayreuth Festival. It's a great track. 'Zum Appell' is a droning rumble lashed to the back of a monstrously slowed-down German vocal arrangement, spoken word and song uttered in both singular and plural. The drums on *this track are fantastic, joined by fluttering trumpets and*

sampled cheers. The wall of impenetrable sound created within this eclectic cocktail is staggering and has a slightly Roman feel to it, the frantic vocals giving the whole thing a real sense of uncompromising action, dynamism and urgency. Towards the end it all comes to a clattering halt, with nothing but the ambient drone and slurred vocals remaining. 'Rasputin' is an historical figure that has always held a lot of interest for me, as does the entire story of the Romanov dynasty and their eventual downfall. This track includes English vocals reading the evocative lines from Proverbs 5:5: 'Her feet go down to death / And her steps take hold on Hell / Where the screams of the undead / Shall pierce the sinner like a sword'. And very effective it is, too. Before long, of course, this is followed by another massive timpani barrage, coupled this time with the ringing chimes of something almost resembling a glockenspiel and a constant scraping of unidentifiable percussion. The strange beat also reminds me a great deal of The Fun Boy Three's 1981 chart-topper, 'The Lunatics Have Taken Over the Asylum'. Moving on swiftly, 'Leu der Luft' contains a rumbling intensity and some near-hysterical shouting, but is comparatively minimal compared to the previous track. But the more I hear of Kreuzweg Ost, the more I think how wonderful it would be to see them perform live. Especially with a couple of percussionists on hand to really drive the bombastic message home. In fact some of the drum patterns remind me of H.E.R.R., although despite their fondness for timpani they tend to avoid using the rat-a-tat-tat of the snare most of the time. Finally, 'Lebmuhl' adopts a characteristic Alpine sound but quickly brings up the drone and places it alongside some scattered birdsong. And, like a hard-edged version of Sturmpecht, more traditional folk song is used to great effect before the album draws to a close. I really enjoyed this release and can recommend it to all devotees of Martial Industrial, particularly if you like your music cruel and tyrannical.

**'Mandala' by Actus [NOECD003]**

Available from Naturally Organised Elements,  
Hungary.

Reviewed by Troy Southgate

FOR one reason and another, the 'Way to the Empire of Strength and Order' (1994) and 'Das Unbenennbare' (1995) albums completely passed me by. At the time of writing I still haven't heard them, which is all the more surprising, given that I've regularly enjoyed the group's first release, 'Sacro Sanctum' (1998), on numerous occasions since reviewing it for Le Cerele de la Rose Noire's 'Synthesis' webzine. But whilst information about Actus and their activities is notoriously hard to come by, the group did recently emerge from the shadows to perform at the Wave Gotik Treffen festival in eastern Germany. The material on this album has been produced over a seven-year period and the four tracks included on this release are designed to represent a mystical quartet centred around the concept of 'wholeness'. Listeners are asked to meditate on the Actus symbol, a means by which the individual is said to discover true reality after re-emerging 'from the underworld'. The imagery suggests an artistic meeting between romantic fantasy and classic



Wagnerian landscapes, as portentous clouds drift through sun-clad skies and twisting pathways wind their way through beautiful green pastures. The first of these symbolic pieces, 'Centre', is a woeful lamentation of pained vocals, a tolling bell, slow drums and tinkering ambience. This is quite different from the 'Sacro Sanctum' album and reminds me a little of Tangerine Dream. Klaus Schultze or Jean Michel Jarre. Later on a piano dallies alongside echoing tambourines and acoustic guitar, soon joined by *haunting female vocals and a delicious cello*. It's clear to see that the overall depth and texture of the Actus sound has vastly improved since their first album, with complex arrangements and a sense of immense variety and ingenuity. 'Spiral', on the other hand, is a mixture of crackling embers, atmospheric swirls and stabbing keyboards that remind me slightly of Rammstein's techno moments. Male chants punctuate the background as the track assumes a decidedly more upbeat stance, its irresistible blend of bass and shrill electronics reminding me of a modern tribute to 70s Prog. The vocals are delivered in the classic Actus style, too, with a series of rhythmic incantations and calculated stanzas that complement the hypnotic beat perfectly. This is pure genius. Soon the sound of running water heralds the start of 'Spinning', before ascending bells and occasional static 'blips' accompany an infectious beat. Deep choral tones join the fray and sweep their way over rolling drumbeats and erratic percussion that sounds like the soothing tick-tock of a bamboo timepiece. Monastic disco. The group *have also used a combination of electric and acoustic guitars and, in their own inimitable way, have once again managed to create a wonderfully enduring chorus that will stick to the nether regions of your brain like shit to a blanket*. Towards the end, radio frequencies and the crunching of footsteps through deep snow contradict the song's fiery beginnings. 'Paths' is very dramatic and orchestral. A cello taps along steadily before making way for ambient keyboards, crashing cymbals and diverse drum patterns, returning again amid hollow-sounding pipes and electronic howls. Suddenly, the tempo changes completely and a watery scrunching moves effortlessly through a repetitive bass and increasingly Industrial atmosphere. And then everything switches again, this time to a different cacophony of orchestral melodies, electric guitar and fantastic vocals. And, like a food connoisseur enjoying the feast of his life, Actus have clearly saved the best until last. But yet another phase is brought into play, with torrid horns, frenetic timpani and an unforgettable chorus, each topped off with the sound of a howling wind. This is *certainly one of the best albums I've heard for quite a while*. Time for me to track down the remaining two Actus albums that will complete my collection!

**'Kriegsfall-U' by Kriegsfall-U [CSR54CD]**

**Available from Cold Spring Records, P.O. Box 40,  
Northampton NN6 7PT, England.**

**Reviewed by Troy Southgate**

STAMPED with a curious blend of monarchical fidelity and the deeply esoteric, this album is dedicated to the memory of both King Charles IV (1887-1922) and Béla Hamvas (1897-1968). The former, also known as Emperor Charles I of Austria between 1916-18, was the last ruler of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Indeed, despite his committed attempts to save the Empire from disintegration, in 1919 King Charles was eventually forced to flee to Switzerland with his family and as recently as 2004 was beatified. Béla Hamvas, on the other hand, was a

Hungarian writer and philosopher and perhaps best known for introducing the Traditionalist ideas of Rene Guenon into the country. His complex articles on Alchemy ('Tabula Smaragdina') and Hermeticism ('Introductions') continue to ensure that he remains one of Hungary's leading metaphysicians. Kriegsfall-U, incidentally, are one of Cold Spring's newest acts and the label has really pushed the boat out as far as the design is concerned. The album's double-sided, ten-panel insert is adorned with two defiant angels and a rather severe-looking Madonna with a sinner begging for forgiveness at her feet. The cover shows a golden bust of King Charles, whilst the CD itself has four burgundy quarters around an imposing silver cross. Track I, 'Our Last Golden Bough Has Been Betrayed', opens with the sound of heavy thunder and falling rain, an antithesis, perhaps, to the famous term used by Sir James Frazier to reflect the splendour of the sun in his book of the same name. Alongside the loud cheers, brutal drums and Hungarian invocations, a measured horn keeps time amid the rumbles and uncompromising background. It's an omen of disaster, a portent of doom. All is not well in the state of the Magyars. Presumably Track II, 'The Great Man I – The Stance', can provide the answer to this impending chaos. The unusual beginning is rather unnerving, with disjointed echoes of speech leading to a series of submarine beeps and then the addition of a deeper voice grafted on to a nice variation of combined drumbeats. It's quite addictive and appealing, providing the song with a vintage quality that belies its age. In the background, meanwhile, the use of the keyboard reminds me a little of the shrill organ sound much-loved by their compatriots. Actus, although Kriegsfall-U clearly possess a unique and individual style of their own. Track III, 'Those Who Are Still Waiting', begins with a decidedly martial atmosphere of distant brass bands and then moves onwards through defiant vocals, hollow choirs and littered explosions. There is a lot of diversity here, too, with the group demonstrating its ability to create a rise-and-fall effect as the song both enters and exits various phases between temporary minimalism and regenerated activity. Each gradual softening is followed by a sudden burst of action, itself followed by a macabre chanting, like skeletal ghosts of war among the ruins of a shattered land. Track IV, 'Porta Heroum', is a reference to the Gate of Heroes which stands in the Hungarian university town of Szeged, once mystical home to the Árpád kings that preceded the rule of the Ottomans. The track's distorted and disjointed beginnings are vaguely rhythmic, like the shunting of the trains which now roar through the town itself. Shouts and chants fill the background, accompanied by heavy timpani and a sustained rush of ambient noise. The echo effects are increased as two sets of vocals compete at different volume levels, before the hostile atmosphere is tempered towards the five-minute mark and soon evolves into pure ambience. Track V, 'The Ancient Lords', is more upbeat. Hungarian folk music, which probably influenced the development of klezmer to some extent, is played in an erratic manner and slowed down radically so that the horns are made to sound almost comical and out of tune. This is joined by delightful snatches of a choir and crunching drumbeats that rip your ears off. The pace of the folk music increases and is then killed off just before the close. Track VI, 'The Great Man II – Realisation', is the second part of the group's tribute to two of their heroes. This one is hypnotic and encapsulating, drifting along on a tide of sound until the crashing drums are phased in once again to shake you out of your dazed slumber like the young victim of an induced cot-death. This track would sound brilliant live, of that I'm certain. High symphonic frequencies add a touch of harshness, fused with something that resembles a



football mob attempting to sing the 'Te Deum' after ten pints of lager. The title of Track VII, 'Standing By The Truth', reflects the band's traditionalist stance. Sampled chuckles and pianistic frolicking give way to a childlike chorus and continual hum, before a brief, characteristic burst of percussion hits you between the eyes like a thunderbolt. This is quite an ordinary track compared to some of the others, and perhaps a weaker ending than I expected, but as a whole this is a great debut album from a band that shows excellent promise. No wonder, therefore, they have been chosen to perform at Cold Spring's 20<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Party. Pro Deo! Pro Rege! Pro Patria!

**'Last Light' by Tor Lundvall [SF2]**

Available from Strange Fortune, P.O. Box 440383,  
Somerville, MA 02144, USA.

Reviewed by Troy Southgate

THE second troubadour to appear on Michael J. Safo's Strange Fortune label comes in the shape of ex-World Serpent musician and Sol Invictus collaborator, Tor Lundvall, a New York artist renowned for his colourful sunsets, autumn landscapes and beautifully contemplative expressions of loneliness and alienation. And very prolific he is too, with a quartet of twilight fields, blustery skies, vacated bedrooms and even a self-portrait in the style of Wilhelm Hamershoi decorating this latest release. But his albums – in this case limited to 955 copies – also serve as a canvas for his wonderful music, too, well-known for their distinctly minimalist feel. 'Rust' laps at your ears like an aimless tide, sharp pitches of sound carving out lightly-dissonant swathes of ambient fuel for the melancholic brain. Somehow, 'The Pond' seems to assume the form of a gentle dreamscape, electronic breaths creating synthetic ripples and nostalgic vocals about childhood games and images of a blurred past. 'It's All Over Now' is more complex, still minimalist but with a bass-filled ambience that contains echoed vocals and a tendency to combine hotel lobby musak with something vaguely resembling The Legendary Pink Dots. It's hard to tell whether the 'dead and gone' lyrics represent a genuine lament or a celebratory transcendence of a vanished past. 'Silver Wash' continues in the same Ka-Spellian vein, fluctuating between long, drawn-out synths and rough-edged bursts of electronica that sound as though they're crashing against the pebbles of a forgotten shore. 'Last Light', meanwhile, flows like a lonely seagull drifting above calm seas. Listening to this song is similar to experiencing the final effects of LSD, the 'come down' moment when you feel like spreading your arms and letting the music take over your whole body. An irrational succumbing that seems to announce the ecstasy of the diminishing will. But with striking similarities to Allerseelen, however, the sweet repetitive beat of 'Storm' soon brings you to your senses. This song virtually borders on Lounge, in fact, a veritable hip-shunter with a mellow, laid-back atmosphere that makes you want to close your eyes and submit. 'Soft Bipolarity' is quite different. Metallic swirls chase displaced ring-tones through fields of measured vocals, taps and frequencies. There is a distinctly 80s feel at work here, too, drifting harmonies that slightly remind me of Ultravox. On the other hand, 'Blue Room' is more energetic. Ironically, perhaps, it's also depressing and portentous. A journey through the mind of someone with an inability to cope with everyday life. Observant, perhaps, but ultimately pessimistic. The words of 'Sunday Evening' return to the open-door theme depicted in Lundvall's self-portrait, like a portrayal of indecisiveness, uncertainty and

a fear of the unknown. Does an open door lead to new opportunities, or to fruitless risk-taking and unexpected heartache. And once again, of course, the lyrics are filled with references to the world of nature. This is certainly the best track so far. 'Cold' adopts a slightly more populist tone, although the lyrics continue to reveal the artist's obsession with attention to detail whilst weird samples and percussion occupy the final third. 'Still' is a buzzing drone of sustained ambience, deafening clunks and words that dwell on loss and loneliness. The final track, 'Lost At Sea', towards which the whole album appears to have been gravitating like driftwood on the tide, takes the form of a sorrowful piano and one can imagine parched sailors, their faces covered with salt, crammed into lifeboats in a final contemplation of their fate. If you're expecting background music, forget it. Lundvall's inspiring album is for late-summer evenings, when the sun is going down in the sky. Get lost in it and forget yourself for a while. I did.

**'Interim' by The Protagonist [CMI145]**

Available from Fin de Siecle Media, Box 388, 114 79  
Stockholm, Sweden.

Reviewed by Troy Southgate

IT seems like an eternity. This new EP from the source that brought us the amazing 'Au Rebours' album will have the punters clamouring for their chequebooks and credit cards, particularly in light of the gaping eight-year void between the two releases that has left many people frustrated and hungry for more. With four tracks and just 20 minutes of music, 'Interim' is wrapped in creamy-brown calligraphic swirls with the wonderfully morbid verses of Charles Buadelaire's 'La Fin de la Journée' (1857) imprinted within. Written and produced by Magnus Sundstrom, whom I recently had the pleasure to meet up with in Den Bosch (Holland) and witness first hand, these Swedish slabs of Neoclassical ingenuity slice through the trivia of the contemporary age and appeal directly to the latent sensitivities of the Northern European psyche. The first two tracks were partly recorded at The Royal Dramatic Theatre of Sweden, with drama clearly being the operative word. 'Strife' bursts through the speakers with a crashing display that is accompanied by an ominous orchestral backdrop. Immensely busy with a repetitive drumbeat, the track pauses for breath a little before the neo-Prokofiev strings give way to yet more driving percussion and Classical brutality. I can already sense the indisputable continuity between this release and 'Au Rebours', although compared to the debut album this track has an infinitely more infectious beat than its predecessors. 'Sacrifice', meanwhile, sets forth a gaggle of sweeping keyboards with the approach of heavy footsteps. This track is slower than the first and there is more space between the drumbeats, but it is no less unrepentant in terms of creating an atmosphere of imperial majesty and drawing out images of a powerful and indomitable army on the march. This is aesthetic music deployed at the service of a noble cause: a passionate spur for the discerning warrior; indispensable soundscapes for the regal iPod. 'Der Wahnsinn', relating to insanity, combines a fluttering piano and something resembling a sharp intake of breath with even sharper bursts of keyboard ambience and a fine arrangement of symphonic provocation. Halfway through, the track settles down a little before assuming a louder, slightly Romanesque tone that re-emerges into the comparatively more gentle strains of the piano. This is met with a severe orchestral bombardment and ends, at least for me, far too



abruptly. But this is, after all, designed to function as an 'Interim'. The final track, 'La Fin de la Journée (Stripped)', features sustained keyboard notes and the barely discernable voice of Marjorie Stievenart that almost happens slightly out of earshot like a lecture at a school for the deaf. It's a pity the vocals weren't recorded slightly louder, but The Protagonist always was a primarily instrumental project and so nothing must detract from the *beautiful and encapsulating music*. This album is certainly a fantastic achievement, but my passion for this material certainly hasn't been quelled yet and it has already left me hungry for more. So let's hope, therefore, that 'Interim' lives up to its name and acts as a temporary portent of even better things to come.

**'Marginal Existence' by Post Scriptvm [H-CD04]  
Available from Hermetique, BP68, 59009 Lille Cedex,  
France.**

**Reviewed by Troy Southgate**

CONCEIVED in Brooklyn, New York City, this is Post Scriptvm's second full-length album. Released on Jerome Nougailon's Hermetique label, the imaginative packaging is superb and closely rivals those produced by Chris Donovan over at Somnambulant Corpse. Wrapped in a jet-black square envelope, 'Marginal Existence' is accompanied by a series of grim postcards, each of which function like windows looking onto scenes of utter devastation and despair. There are archways of light falling upon desolate rooms, debris scattered through filthy hallways and thick woodland observed through broken glass. The cover shows a rotting human corpse, the macabre remains strewn across a dirty mattress like a discarded patient in an NHS hospital. The first of eight tracks, 'Warped In Sickness', flickers erratically like a spluttering hosepipe of white noise, a barely-discernible Italian voice permeating the void like a semblance of reality in a world devoid of references. A hum increases in volume before descending into a pit of half-formed screeches and crackling rumbles. A female voice joins the fray, edgy and hysterical, like a recently-bereaved mother walking alone through the aftermath of a violent earthquake. More brutal samples appear, sounding like a cross between Caligua in a bad mood and Gabriele D'Annunzio auditioning for the latest Merzbow album. 'Etherized Erosion' is hollow and metallic, like someone emptying a bag of coat-hangers in a bowling alley. There is drama and suspense, the incessant flapping caught between a pitiless alarm bell and the mournful drone of an endless wind. This increases as the track goes on, systematically wearing down the final sinews of your mind like acid thrown in the face of a straw man. It's like taking a wrong turning and then finding oneself inexplicably stuck on a stretch of the M25. Avoidable and slightly uncomfortable, perhaps, but somehow you eventually find your way out. 'Isolation of Sores' sounds like a form of damage-control after a visit to a local brothel. The track itself contains high-pitched beeps, the unhurried chug-chugging of a steam train pushing its way through the middle of a radiophonic hurricane and what sounds like a general Japanese Noise free-for-all. Towards the end you can hear the sound of a solitary pick striking against stone, as the noise of the engine becomes isolated and slowed. 'Etch', I must admit, made me feel slightly uncomfortable, filled, as it is, with an unmistakably waspish drone (a personal phobia of mine which ruins all my best nightmares). There are more cleverly-crafted electronic effects used here, mixed with distorted American vocal

samples which remind me of Endura's 'Bio Mechanical Soul Journey'. The theme concerns the story of a man taken to an isolated line of graves and being forced to simulate a form of burial. It's a fantastic track with some incredibly complex and original effects, a rattle of slamming doors or heavy footsteps ending in a climax of pure energy and vision. 'In Order of Derangement' is equally menacing, with aural cut-ups partially-formed and then sealed together with slow drumbeats and harsh swathes of pure Noise. Men and women yell in the background, although there is barely any space left to breath in this claustrophobic mish-mash of sound. 'Crumbling Personae' is a good name for this stage of the album and it's exactly how I feel about being forcibly deconstructed like a vital organ in the immediate vicinity of an exploding dum-dum bullet. There is a sense of rhythm about this track. It begins as a 2/4 beat flanked by slurred vocals and submarine-like beeps, but eventually deteriorates - perhaps accelerates - into swishing echoes and something approaching two electronic didgeridoos sharing a conversation in stereo. The whole thing burns out slightly after five and a half minutes, soon replaced altogether with the sound of gunfire, screaming children and what sounds like a broken extractor fan. 'Cadaverine Deficiency' employs more Italian samples - albeit comparatively more sane and controlled than the predecessors - and howls of manipulated anguish. One of the strange pseudo-didgeridoos returns under an Eastern-sounding rhythmic barrage. Diverse frequencies come and go, spitting madly like a forgotten sausage left to the mercies of a furnace. Finally, 'Grey Rat In White Morgue' is a torrent of formless power that seems contained like a dangerous lunatic in an asylum. In terms of volume and pitch the track manages to keep to a steady course, but inevitably breaks out towards the end before quickly gravitating towards a slow and dissipating demise. This is a pretty impressive album, certainly far better than most of the Dark Noise material I've heard recently and well worth a listen.

**'Golevka' by The Evpatoria Report [Shayo 004]  
Available from Shayo Music, 21 Place Du Bourg-De-  
Four, CH 1204, Switzerland.**

**Reviewed by Troy Southgate**

DESCRIBED in the accompanying promotional literature as '(post)-rock', this nicely packaged CD comes with grotesque-yet-curious photographs with several partial depictions of plasticated or computerised flesh that look as though they may have been borrowed from Gunther van Hagens 'Körperwelten' exhibition. Either that or a recently-disturbed Alpine cemetery is missing one or two of its half-rotted cadavers. But if the images themselves are fragmentary by design, there is certainly nothing incomplete about the album itself. Despite having just eight tracks, 'Golevka' - which bears the name of the asteroid first discovered by Eleanor F. Helin in 1991 - is still over 70 minutes in length. The opening salvo, 'Prognoz', is a steady hum floating through a blissful galaxy of ambience. A series of low drones and sharp electric swathes add a more experimental rock element to the proceedings, followed swiftly by crashing cymbals and distorted guitar. But the character of this track is fairly Janus-faced, to say the least, and it does contain plenty of mellow, reflective moments. The Evpatoria Report has been compared to other, more well-known experimental acts like Godspeed You! Black Emperor and Mogwai and I can see why. It's easy to drift away on the meditative tide



that flows through 'Prognosis', named as it is after the Russian space centre behind several launch projects. But the track itself is amazing and I could listen to this stuff for hours on end. 'Taijin Kyofusho', which is a Japanese theory of social anxiety based on blushing, deformity, body odour and a phobia of eye-to-eye contact, starts off as a barely-audible slice of Industrial Noise joined by radio interference which is pierced through with the voices of American astronauts and measured guitar work. It's very orchestral, too, the keyboards creating a vaguely sorrowful atmosphere punctuated by slow, heavy drumbeats. Meanwhile, in the background, something resembling a mandolin flutters away like a scene from an Italian piazza. The track then evolves into a film soundtrack, with the bass playing reminding me slightly of The Who during their 'McVicar' period, although the distorted guitar takes it way beyond the volume levels of anything that Pete Townshend could rustle up. Things quieten down at the end as it bubbles along like the steaming vapours of a mountain volcano. On 'Cosmic Call', we have some electronic tweeting and the repetitive twanging of a guitar string running alongside the sweeping sounds of light waves made by the cymbals. It's more upbeat than its predecessors, fluctuating somewhere between a garage jamming session and a Pink Floyd interlude. The group's diversity is remarkable and they display a real willingness to mould the music as though it were a strip of aural plasticine. The semi-mandolin effects soon reappear with more voices, but this time with the precise nature of the conversation remaining slightly out of earshot. 'C.C.S. Logbook' involves the same generous use of guitar and drums, perhaps resembling Joy Division for a few moments and then throwing in some calm keyboards and shimmering dub effects. It's quite striking, too, just how modern The Eypatoria Report sound on this track, although the production quality is second to none. The sound of an alarm straddles a Doors-like undercurrent which seems to fuse 80s-style Alternative onto a spaghetti western soundtrack. But that's merely one moment in the life of this impressive song, nothing remains the same for very long and there is a constant process of musical evolution taking place here which tends to go through eclectic phases like Elizabeth Taylor gets through husbands. 'Optimal Region Selector', on the other hand, starts life as an organ synthesiser determined to interfere with something by Tangerine Dream before moving off into foot-tapping drumbeats and then an eventual counter-attack by the distorted strains of an oppressive guitar. But even this changes into a graceful and plodding melody, although the harsh drones never quite go away. 'Dipole Experiment' refers to the magnetic levitation of a circular conductor designed to generate immense power through the containment of plasma. This floating coil, known as LDX, is part of a programme to create an alternative source of energy. Musically, however, this track initially reminds me of Novatron's 'New Rising Sun' album and even Remanence's excellent 'Watched Over By Angels'. There is a hint of Darkwave at work here, with beautiful keyboards adding a touch of drama and tragedy, although given the title I suspect that it has more to do with scientific creation and human achievement. The track is very orchestral, too, its semi-choral atmospherics rising to a crescendo before making way for a more galactic theme comprised of spatial minimalism and hushed voices. Rumbling frequencies jostle with Dark Ambience as the drums return with renewed vigour. At this point 'Dipole Experiment' seems to approach Chill-Out status, but with more glorious orchestral themes thrown in for

good measure. It's a brilliant way to bring the album to a close and just one more reason why I can't recommend it highly enough. There is something here for everyone.

**'The Winter of Constantinople' by H.E.R.R.  
[CSR56CD]**

**Available from Cold Spring Records, P.O. Box 40,  
Northampton NN6 7PT, England.**

**Reviewed by Jonathan Bowden**

H.E.R.R.'s compact disc represents what might be called Francis Parker Yockey's absent musicology. In the first track, *The Fall of Constantinople*, there are the following ingredients: a classical threnody, the rhythms of poetry and a skald or ecstatic stave. (the latter feature embodies bardic composition, after the fashion of those who extemporised *Beowulf*.) It is, if you will, a variant on Laibach's themes without irony. Similarly, a reversal of Shostakovitch's *Leningrad Symphony* seems to occur – albeit at one remove, and by making use of Carl Orff as a medium. A tincture of Gregorian or High Catholic music shimmers, together with piano and synthesiser arabesques. Might it recall a politicised version of Rheinberger, with overlain proems – after the fashion of a post-modern Kipling? Green is definitely not the colour here; nor are the *Satanic Verses* a correct response by way of Sufi dissent. All in all, Constantinople's Fall relates to G.K. Chesterton's novel about an Islamic conquest of Britain, with a beer barrel rolled around the country by dissenters. The second track deals with football fanaticism and Ultra culture. It essays Stewart Home's Prolecut from a telescope's other end, in a way which appends a reverse semiotic to past New Waves. A Blue Tuesday rather than a Blue Monday, one might say... Also, this medley brings about a medley of Joe Pearce's *British Bulldog*, Attila the Stockbroker, Skrewdriver and a garrotted Public Image Limited. A militarist drumming supervenes throughout, primarily so as to combine the marching bands of the Royal Marines with Shostakovitch's *Eighth Symphony*. Is it a social Reich; or merely a parallax view? The third stratum, *Hagia Sophia*, begins with militarised Bach. A situation where organ music fuses with electronic swoon. Jet engines cut across the Brandenburg Concertos, themselves morphing into synthesised constellations. Could it be Gary Numan's architectural nemesis? Furthermore, Bulgaria's Sophia is envisaged as a new Constantinople, turned around, or conceived as a New Rome pointing Eastwards. Musically, Elgar's *Pomp & Circumstance* meets Eric Coates' RAF sound-world. But, early on, can Eastern Orthodox laments be heard, or may these dictums be a somersaulted *Unmia*? Whereby mangy Grey Wolves are overwhelmed by Westernisation. Our fourth departure introduces piano music unadorned by silence. 'Constantinople's Dance' is an orchestral piece which boosts or gives muscle to Chopin and Erik Satie. An accompanying cello bequeaths relaxing social action without words. Surely it introduces a new genre: neo-classical dance music? Will it indicate a renewed ballet's implicit authoritarianism, as yet unwritten? One thinks, *en passant*, of Arthur Bliss' Red King in *Checkmate* at Sadler's Wells. The fifth fiat, *Requiem*, announces its presence with a gentle piano playing, betokening a peaceful luxuriance. Colin Ireland springs to mind, as does a Beethoven purged of emotional dissonance. Yet a John Cage-like interruption, or atonal spasm, introduces a girl's voice to these proceedings. A



sounding which susurrates into relaxing synthesiser music, or the custodianship of bells. Does it hint at Plainsong's observance, or a Gregorian chant without bent votaries? Certainly it drifts into a melodic minimalism. A mellifluous quality, this, which recalls both Steve Reich and John Adams (the latter increasingly viewed as an 'anti-Semite'). One's sixth demarche, *A New Rome*, sees a fusion of advanced Pop, electronic and classical music... with a cut-off point prior to Modernism, as witnessed by Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring*. It reveals Michiel Spape as a classical composer in Arnold's and Bax's footsteps. Whereas No. 7, *Frühlings Erwachen*, denotes a paramilitary resurgence. Significant drumming reverberates in forest clearings, within which Miklós Hoffer's voice makes poetic readings. There's a similarity to war-film music, much condensed, or the full orchestration to Eisenstein's second part of *Ivan the Terrible*. A work left unfinished: OGPU proving the ultimate censor. Likewise, the piece brings back Mozart as a Spartan fanfare, occasionally punctuated by ritual chant or call. Number Eight, however, introduces a Folk element. Guitars figure prominently, serenading us with examples drawn from Julian Bream's or John Williams' craft. A Germanic interlude eventuates, spoken by Frederick van Eden (1860-1932). Should it intoxicate Orff's lost semantics: thereby cadencing Revisionism? After all, a certain Viennese architectural painter's favourite line in Goethe's *Faust* remains: "In the beginning there was an action..." Mephistopheles uttered it. Surely, this music involves Rahn meeting Butz – all of it hollowing out Wolfgang Borchert's temple, in prose, to those post-war ruins? Mightn't this band's secret be that they're producing High Bourgeois music, with an undertow or skinhead menace amid classical revival? The ninth cutaway, *Arise*, emboldens a lyrical skein. It exalts Grieg, Chopin, Liszt, Poulenc *et al...* Words filter throughout it, resembling records of Ezra Pound giving Imagism vent. A threnody or Legionary anthem also reverberates that recalls a dissident source, namely Ayn Rand's *The Romantic Manifesto*. Wouldn't such a poultice mix Snorri Sturluson's *Edda*, Robinson Jeffer's verse and Lucien Rebatet's *History of French Opera* together? Oral humming continues during such anti-Hollywood music... a case of Bernard Herman meeting VMO, so to speak. In closing, John Tyndall wouldn't have liked this CD but he'd be pushed to describe why. Can H.E.R.R. really be seen as an underground musical accompaniment to a Fourth World War between the West and Islam?

#### **'Venus Fly-Trap'**

**A Jonathan Bowden Production / Directed by Andrea Lioy / Starring: Jonathan Bowden, Lisa Garner, Nicole Henry, Claudia Minne, Jane Robinson, Katie Willow, & Nicole Wiseman**

**Reviewed by Troy Southgate**

BASED on a short story by Jonathan Bowden – who also plays a starring role in the film itself – *Venus Fly-Trap* is hardly something that you're likely to see flashing before you in the sanitised environs of your local Odeon cinema. Indeed, at the time of writing the film is not even mentioned on the Internet.

The opening scene shows Bowden, with pronounced Irish features, wearing a dark suit, checked blue shirt and white tie. He's sitting at a round table and lighting a cigarette, facing a deep red curtain and telling the tale of a man, known as Dr. Mordred, digging a hole – "probably four by four" – in his garden. It soon becomes

evident that the accompanying sack contains the body of a small, blood-soaked child, upon which the man looks "with the paternal gaze of a father". As the camera closes in on Bowden's face, the picture becomes slightly amorphous and there is a nice analogy between the image being presented and that of the dialogue and the manner in which the boundaries of morality are deliberately blurred. These boundaries represent the way in which the world is perceived by the character in Bowden's story, who basically sees himself as a veritable deity who has the ability to exert his power upon his own surroundings in the manner of a god: "To him, all things are possible and nothing can be denied." Bowden continues, his intermittent bouts of smoke inhalation illustrating the relaxed and purposeful nature in which he is recounting this macabre tale. When Mordred returns to his house in the wake of this seemingly criminal deed, however, he is said to be "returning to a world from whence he came." This is how Bowden effectively separates two levels of reality: that of the vivid and the horrifying on the one hand, and that of the normal and the approachable on the other. At the same time, of course, those in the audience will each have their own distinct perceptions of how they perceive these worlds. This man, this creature "like no other" who essentially "creates his own boundaries", has no tangible or recognisable affiliation with the straightjacket of liberalism in which most people find themselves bound on a daily basis.

The second scene shows Bowden striding towards a house from a garden, similar to the way Mordred himself was described in the story, although on this occasion he is pacing back and forth like a restless animal locked in a cage. Amid the sound of tinkling chimes, a female voice takes up the narration and alludes to the sound of dismembered voices which, perhaps, may well be plaguing Bowden's conscience. This, of course, seems like a contradiction when compared to the defiantly unaccountable Mordred in the first scene. But perhaps Bowden's character is different from Mordred in this respect? With an anguished glance at the camera, the opening credits begin to roll.

Bowden's voice returns, this time to conjure up a poetic interpretation of how Mordred can justify the fact that he is burying a child in his garden. By replenishing the earth, this infantile corpse is said to be serving a "noble" purpose. She has become "carrion" for the *lex talionis* that continues to prevail within the leafy shades out on the periphery of society. The female narrator returns, introducing us to Felicia Fairweather, a visiting doctor who calls at the house. Bowden – this time as Dr. Mordred – is striding down a staircase which is sliced through with dazzling shafts of light. It is as though he is descending from the glowing summit of a ziggurat temple, coming down, in other words, to a lower plane of existence, almost like Zarathustra. The viewer is left wondering how this character will react when perceived reality comes knocking at the door of his jealously-guarded domain.

Mordred, this time wearing a cravat and a rather artificial smile, greets Dr. Fairweather like an old friend. She is blonde and wears a red scarf, refusing Mordred's offer of a drink when she has so obviously arrived there on official business. Fairweather is highly suspicious, of course, but Mordred barely attempts to placate her concern for the disappearance of several others – "what people are you talking about" – and seems more interested in borrowing her scarf. He wants to burn it in the "fires of passion", but Fairweather offers it to him in return for the truth. Thus begins a debate about the very nature of truth



itself, and here I'm reminded strongly of the encounters between Plowart and Claremont in Bill Hopkins' *The Leap* (1957): a work of which Bowden himself is very fond.

He goes on to outline the multifarious examples of truth, listing its masculine and feminine, legal and religious ramifications before ending this brief diatribe by asking: "Which truth is yours, woman?" Suddenly, the woman in the red scarf has become a brunette, answering this question with the words "My truth is that we are equal and I should be treated as such." This declaration leads to an immediate and unrestrained ejaculation of laughter on Mordred's part, soon followed by a mocking rant about the allegedly limited role of the female in human development. These opinions are precisely what some may inevitably consider to be the bigoted outpourings of a confirmed sexist and chauvinist, but Doctor Fairweather – in her new guise – seems more than capable of fighting her corner and announces that she has come to "judge" him for his professional misconduct. It appears that he has been energetically creating a legion of disfigured individuals and, in the face of this chastisement, Mordred appears *woeful and perturbed*. But his mood soon becomes unrepentant, something that is made manifest by a bow-tied Bowden striding around the room in a mask bearing two faces. This incarnation of Janus appears to represent the inner workings of Mordred's mind, a psychological dilemma in which he is seeking to reassure himself that he is ultimately correct and that perhaps he should attempt to bring Felicia Fairweather to the same conclusions as himself.

Mordred appears in his former guise, complete with cravat, and instantly tries to convince Fairweather that, fundamentally, they are allies. But the woman who accepts Mordred's invitation to sit beside him on the sofa is yet another incarnation of the visitor, her ears soon assailed by another barrage from her increasingly Nietzschean colleague. "But we are here to heal", she says, to which Mordred replies "Fiddlesticks! We are here on occasion to give pain in order to relieve it!" Fairweather's comments about the changing boundaries of morality and the perceived irrelevance of the Hypocratic Oath, to which *all doctors once gave their allegiance* – "But that was then and this is now!" – coupled with a semi-erotic display of restrained affection towards her host, are completely rejected.

The next scene is set in the corner of a garden and shows a woman clad in black with an outstretched arm, slowly turning as though she were about to perform the saddest part of a Russian ballet. It may be interpreted as an outer display of inner turmoil that is mixed with images of despair and self-examination, but the music-box mime also bears a distinctly Riefenstahlian and Thorakian quality, whilst all the time the narrator tells us that Mordred himself is walking towards the garden. Then, as the woman holds her face in her hands in contemplation, Bowden's voice can be heard celebrating an expression of "rekindled life" taking place at an earlier stage in history. This, it seems to me, represents the existence and perpetuation of those perennial values which always lie behind the veil of our consciousness. The spirit that forever waits for a worthwhile opportunity to penetrate the *surface of our world*.

The blonde – and infinitely more sensuous – incarnation of Fairweather returns, shown sitting on the sofa at a different angle and expressing her desire to "confront" Mordred's deeds. The debate continues with philosophical references running alongside a medical analogy and Mordred looks aimlessly through the blinds of

a window and casually declares that "power dominates life in the form of fire". But what seems like a religious assertion is countered by his insistence upon a non-Jewish and non-Christian understanding of reality, in fact something based wholly upon the creative and destructive power which is directed by his own will: "Aren't you aware, my dear, that the weak are just fuel for the strong? And in this life even the strong themselves can serve as the compost for the very strong." Mordred's role as a doctor has actually allowed him to perform this role, a process which has risen beyond mere "feminine and bourgeois forms". Mordred turns from the window and drifts steadily into the mildly feverish but capable and determined role of the Anarch, the sovereign individual from Junger's *Eumeswil* (1980) who remains unbound by earthly constraints. His ability to snuff out the life of his patients may, to the majority of viewers, appear as something rather unsavoury and fascistic – "many would find you insane" – but these are essentially mercy killings that allow the strong to move forward and complete the assumed task *to which they have dedicated their lives*. If Julius Caesar or Napoleon Bonaparte had been doctors, they would have been like Mordred. Not a greed-ridden replica of Harold Shipman, mark you, but a physician with a purpose: "I'm cutting my way through a thicket towards new and secret gardens of my own design. And when we get there, at the heart of that garden, there'll be nothing but beauty." This is a cue for the sorrowful lady in the garden to return. She is order and beauty combined. A silent, artistic manifestation of Mordred's world vision. This time she is growing upwards, like an aspiring Zarathustra, blossoming towards a soundless peak of human fulfilment.

Bowden is then shown lying on a wooden floor, surrounded by twinkling yellow candles and resembling a horizontal version of the potential victim of a fairground knife-act. Life and death are said to be "inseparable" from one another, and this scene depicts the risk-taking that inevitably goes hand in hand with life itself. And then we return to the debating chamber, where the second incarnation of Fairweather invites Mordred to resign. Her offer is, of course, completely rejected and she compares Mordred's enduring remorselessness with the three monkeys of Japanese tradition ("Hear no evil, speak no evil, see no evil"). He counters this accusation by applauding Fairweather's acceptance of "multiplicity", although there is still clearly no common ground between her interpretation of liberal morality and his insistence upon the rule of the strong over the weak. She finds herself left distraught by his aggressive outbursts, whilst he sees the whole thing as a mere exercise in social interaction between two medical colleagues.

This is followed by a scene in which Mordred and his adversary are sitting in separate brick alcoves with a piano fluttering away in the background. As Fairweather attempts to diffuse his arguments her protestations are soundly met by a series of angry interjections concerning how the notion of conscience is a "Jewish abstraction" and how pity is countered by "the bad breath of the strong that comes out of the nostrils of giants." There follows an analogy of the wolves and the sheep, the latter being an *unthinking, egalitarian mass upon which the wolves must feed* in order to bring to light the glory of themselves. Not like vampires, he argues, but as a representation of "the fire of certainty which exists in all forms of life."

Back in the garden, Bowden struts alongside a pool wearing a maniacal grin and a yellow boater. Into the water, meanwhile, descends a semi-clothed Fairweather who loses the rest of her apparel a few seconds later.



Naked, she performs under the searing gaze of Dr. Mordred, but in the end, she is left with his face despite the sound of splashing. The woman is completely disappointed and Mordred is standing over an empty pool. The water splashes continue into the next scene, where another Fairweather is posing for the camera as a playful Mordred stands behind her, fitting from shoulder to shoulder like a mischievous demon from Christopher Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*. He seems to be admiring the red scarf, as though its ownership represents a verbal conquest yet to be won, or lost, yet to be successfully communicated.

Our garden nymph returns again, but this time she is far more animated than before. The music is dark and Wagnerian, her movements erratic and angular. A burning flame is superimposed over her image, the dramatic dialogue full of Zoroastrian vigour like a contemporary appreciation of ancient fire-worship. Mordred stands before Fairweather like a cringing parody of his former self: a stooping Gollum with a whining voice and yet with a determination to see his vision through to the end. And, like a deranged Hitler trapped in his final Berlin refuge, or like Napoleon at the moment of his exile to Elba, Mordred seems about to be consumed by his own fanaticism. Fairweather stands firm and erect, like a leather-clad bitch presiding over the increasingly desperate whims of her masochistic client. This, surely, is becoming a distortion of Mordred's vision? "Liberation is in the plants", he tells her, something which ultimately appeals to her and thus finally induces her to remove the red scarf and offer it to him. His persistence, it seems, has paid off.

The dancer in the garden is then shown with the same scarf, held between her palms like a flower and then almost dropping towards the floor before being taken up again like a symbol of glory in motion. Concurrent with this, Mordred describes the rigours of his intellectual journey that took him far beyond the biologists and botanists of his day. Then the different avatars of Fairweather are shown putting this into its historical context, speaking in past tense about the ritualistic and often violent struggles that, for good or ill, characterise the nature of eternity and Mordred's role as a warrior through the mists of Time. These female musings include a song which celebrates the timeless "purity of the sun", before cutting away to Mordred and one of his female "consciences" discussing the former's views on human worthlessness. Mordred is then shown walking up the steps of the garden, flanked by stone columns, obsidian-black statues and filled with his own self-obsessed professions of greatness. It's a pocket-sized analogy of Julius Evola's *Meditations on the Peaks* (1974) but, once again, plants are seen as the key to life and Mordred's own rise to glory ("without them nothing at all") and insects – particularly bees – are portrayed as one being with a single soul united beneath the figure of the queen "and slaves who nurture her within the nectar of her own milk." Mordred describes how he first saw this obnoxious insect paradise and wanted to destroy it. This speech, delivered in the heart of a suburban garden, is perhaps significant in terms of being a visual dig in the ribs of the complacent bourgeoisie, and quickly accelerates into a whistle-stop tour of human evolution, its biting criticism pausing here and there to describe people themselves as "insects" or to point out that 40% of people in the West "don't even own a book". The crux of this argument, however, is that there are two paths: do humans follow the impulsive and herd-like methods of the insects or do they follow the plants and rise towards the sun? This reminds me a little of Christopher Boehm's *Hierarchy in the Forest* (2001).

Humans, Mordred concludes, must go. The climax of this speech has a powerful message: "Here is the future! In this garden! It's mine! And I've created it! For you! Out of you! Because I loathe you! Because I love them! And because I am them!"

A door opens. Mordred is crouching on the floor beside a spread of Tarot cards, cackling like a demented lunatic as Fairweather – or at least one of them – tries to coax him from the depths of his madness. The cards she is forced to select are the Emperor, Death, the Sun, the Tower, the Hierophant, the Devil and the Hanged Man, all of which appear to justify his chosen path and cause him to scurry across the floor like a growling beast in pursuit of its quarry. Out in the garden, meanwhile, another hunt begins as the janus-faced figure stalks the dancer with the red scarf. Clutching a samurai sword, Mordred reappears and chases a terrified Fairweather through the garden. This is interspersed with the horrified faces of her various incarnations – "He's insane!" – before Mordred stands beside a bush, calm and unruffled. Fire appears on the screen with the words: "but so intent is Mordred on his moment of triumph that he fails to see the flames which are coming up around both of them. The flames slowly engulf both of their bodies so that eventually both of them are consumed. They are human torches. The one and the other. To such a degree that both cease to exist simultaneously. And in one moment he becomes her and she becomes him in a moment of energy." The moment of tragedy strikes and Mordred undergoes a process of Faustian recurrence. But as Fairweather manages to escape the garden, the question we are left with at the end surrounds the matter of whether he was a figment of her imagination or vice versa.

In the final scene, Bowden returns with his cigarette to explain that this tale has no ending. Whether we like it or not, geniuses like Mordred will always be thrown up from the earth in their attempts to strive for the sun.

Finally, it is very encouraging to see that the spirit of the 1950s 'Angry Young Men' which drove individuals like Colin Wilson, Stuart Holroyd and Bill Hopkins is still alive and well. Bowden's film is destined to remain underground, inevitably, but it is worth examining for the simple fact that it contains the basic facts of life and both all that it offers and represents.





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